

BALLERINA

Written by

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EXT. SWISS ALPS / VILLAGE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE -- **1609**

SSSCCHHHWWFUNK!!!

A sword blade SLICES through an unprotected neck.

The HEAD of a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN tumbles into the dirt. Her BODY lands beside it, hands still clutching a basket of fruit.

The PERPETRATOR of this beheading stands over the body. Sweaty, long hair, teeth clenched.

He BENDS DOWN, grabs the head by the hair, lifts it up and WALKS AROUND with it dangling by his side. Blood pours from the stump of her neck-- painting a CIRCLE on the ground.

He stands in the middle of the blood circle and LOOKS OUT AT--

Around him, *a quaint little village*. Wooden huts, rudimentary shops. The dirt roads LITTERED with the BODIES of villagers.

Over a hundred men and women, throats slit, blood staining their tunics, robes. Stomachs opened. Limbs slashed, missing.

Standing over them, breathing heavily, two dozen men and women. Weapons clenched in their hands. They look to the man clutching the woman's head-- their LEADER.

The LEADER speaks in GERMAN, subtitled.

LEADER

Clean up the bodies. Round up the surviving children. This will do.

BLACK.

AS CREDITS PLAY-- THE SCREEN NOW DIVIDES INTO TWO HALVES-- ON EACH, A DIFFERENT SCENE PLAYS OUT SIMULTANEOUSLY.

LEFT HALF -- EXT. ZURICH - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE -- **1718**

A MAN stumbles out of a TAVERN into the back alley. He walks to the cobblestone wall. Rests a hand against it. SIGHS.

The soft patter of his piss hitting the ground.

A WOMAN passes behind him. It happens quickly-- she grabs him by the forehead and cuts his throat before he has time to react.

He collapses, blood mixing with his urine in the dirt road.

RIGHT HALF -- INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE -- 1856

A seedy brothel. On the bed, an ENORMOUS MAN rides a YOUNG WOMAN. He throws his head back. As he does she pulls a knife and SLASHES HIS THROAT. Some real *Gone Girl* shit.

She gives him a shove. He TOPPLES off the edge of the bed.

THE SCREEN NOW DIVIDES INTO THREE PARTS-- AGAIN PLAYING OUT AT THE SAME TIME.

FIRST SECTION -- EXT. NEVADA / HIGHWAY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE -- 1964

A classic Ford Mustang cruises down a desert road.

IN THE CAR -- A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (50s) drives. She nears a stop sign, slows. Nobody else in sight for miles. In the backseat-- a YOUNG MAN (18) SITS UP. He slits the woman's throat before we realize what's happening.

Then he *lurches forwards* and presses down on the woman's leg-- keeping her foot on the brake. He awkwardly CLIMBS FORWARDS into the passenger seat.

SECOND SECTION -- INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE -- 1972

A MAN sits in a movie theater, empty save for a guy behind him, MAN 2. MAN 1 grabs a popcorn kernel, tosses it towards his mouth. MAN 2 LURCHES FORWARD and pulls THE CHAIN of a PAIR OF NUN-CHUCKS over Man 1's throat.

THE POPCORN KERNAL lands in Man 1's mouth as he struggles. On the handle of each nun-chuck is a yellow smiley face.

THIRD SECTION -- EXT. SKI SLOPE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE -- 1980

A DUDE skis down a slope. ANOTHER DUDE, DUDE 2, skis up behind him. Dude 2 pulls a gun-- ready for action. Dude 1 goes off a jump-- loses control--

And lands on his HEAD. *SNAP!* Dude 2 stops-- looks down at Dude 1's body-- then *SHRUGS*, continues on.

THE SCREEN NOW DIVIDES INTO SIXTEEN SECTIONS.

You get the idea of what's happening in each of them-- in each, a murder from some point in the last FIVE HUNDRED YEARS. It's just like that sex montage in that classic Dane Cook movie *Good Luck Chuck* that everyone loves and remembers*, but with murder instead of Dane Cook fucking people.

END CREDITS. SLAM TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON...

INT. HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A room illuminated only by the glow of a boxy old TV.

Silhouetted in front of the screen, a YOUNG GIRL. She watches a VHS copy of *Enter the Dragon* intently, her eyes tracking every blow thrown by Bruce Lee's fists.

This is YOUNG ROONEY BROWN (6). Her fingers roll on the ground. A door *CREAKS OPEN*. VOICES in the next room. Rooney gets to her feet, pads to the door, and *peers into--*

INT. HOUSE / ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

ROONEY'S FATHER (40s) steps into the house, exchanges words with a WOMAN standing inside. Their voices barely audible.

ROONEY'S FATHER

Thanks for uh... for watching after
her, you know we... I appreciate it.

The woman nods, puts a hand on his shoulder, leaves. Rooney's Father wipes his eyes. Then glances up at ROONEY, in the doorway. She *DUCKS* out of view.

INT. HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rooney's Father enters. He sits next to Rooney on the couch and pulls her into an embrace. ON ROONEY'S FACE as she listens to the sound of her father crying.

YOUNG ROONEY

Is Mom coming home?

*Author's Note: I do not actually like Good Luck Chuck.

ROONEY'S FATHER
No she's not, sweetie.

But Rooney, we can see from her face, already knew this.

ROONEY'S FATHER (CONT'D)
She's somewhere happier now. Hold on.

He reaches into his bag, pulls something out. It's a small, ornate MUSIC BOX.

YOUNG ROONEY
What is it?

ROONEY'S FATHER
It was given to your Mom, by her mother, when she was a little girl.

He opens it. A delicate glass ballerina, dressed in a pink tutu, rises from the box and starts to SPIN. A soft, lyrical melody begins to sound.

ROONEY'S FATHER (CONT'D)
She wanted you to have it. To give to your own daughter someday.

YOUNG ROONEY
It's stupid. I don't want it, I want Mom back. Trade it back.

ROONEY'S FATHER
Rooney--

The sound of the front door creaking open. Rooney's Father's gaze shoots towards the door.

ROONEY'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Miriam must have forgotten something. Hold on.

Still holding the music box, he walks out of the room.

ROONEY'S FATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How--

PEW! The THUMP of a body hitting the floor. Rooney jumps to her feet and runs back into--

INT. HOUSE / ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Rooney looks down at her FATHER, lying on the ground with blood fountaining out of his head. She looks up at a MAN, dressed in black. They lock eyes. The man RAISES A GUN--

And Rooney THROWS HERSELF backwards. The man SHOOTs after her but she's GONE up the winding staircase, out of sight. The man GRUNTS, then sets off after her up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE / STAIRCASE - NIGHT

He reaches the top of the staircase and looks left and right. No sign of Rooney. *BAM!* A SHOE flies towards him, CLOCKS HIM in the side of the head. He stumbles, looks up--

Rooney, from around a corner, throws a BOOK at him. It hits him in the face. He regains his bearings, raises his gun--

But Rooney is already RUNNING TOWARDS HIM. She BARRELS INTO HIS LEGS, sending him TOPPLING BACKWARDS down the staircase.

We hear him *thumpbumpthumpbump* down the staircase. *CRACK!* Rooney takes a few deep breaths. Then RUNS down the stairs.

INT. HOUSE / ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

She doesn't even glance at the intruder, lying with his neck at an impossible angle. She runs into a DIFFERENT ROOM, then RETURNS moments later. She kneels next to her father.

YOUNG ROONEY

I called the police, they're coming.

Rooney looks at him, blood leaking out of his head. She puts her hands on the bullet wound. Trying to hold him together.

YOUNG ROONEY (CONT'D)

Dad, you gotta stay awake, okay?
You gotta stay awake.

She shifts her foot. It knocks into the MUSIC BOX, lying on the ground next to them. It tilts onto its side and FALLS OPEN.

The glass ballerina rises out of it and begins her dance. *The song tinkling on, on and on, on and on.* Rooney's Father's blood crawls across the ground. It pools around the base of the music box. And still the music plays.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE -- ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 1

INT. OFFICE - DAY

YOUNG ROONEY sits in a sterile room, a CASE WORKER sitting across from her, talking at her.

CASE WORKER

Because neither of your parents had any living relatives that we could find, we'll unfortunately have to place you in a group home until we can find a more permanent place to--

INT. GROUP HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

ROONEY (7) reads on the couch as OTHER KIDS run back and forth. A BOY, JAKE (7), runs up and POKES Rooney in the leg.

YOUNG JAKE

You're it!

He turns to run-- and Rooney STICKS OUT HER LEG. He SPRAWLS over it and SLAMS to the ground face-first. Rooney leaps off the couch, kneels over him, whispers--

YOUNG ROONEY

Don't ever touch me.

YOUNG JAKE

(crying)

I didn't mean to-- I just wanted--

YOUNG ROONEY

I'm-- I'm sorry--

He scampers away. ALL EYES IN THE GROUP HOME look at Rooney warily. She runs out of the room. Jake glares after her.

QUICK CUTS-- Of Rooney through her teen years in the home.

-- ROONEY (11) does pull-ups furiously, using the frame of an upper bunkbed as her pull-up bar.

JAKE (11) runs in, raises his hand-- and throws a CLUMP OF MUD at her back. She drops, spins, gives chase. She catches him before he's out of the room and SLAMS him into the wall.

-- ROONEY (13) lies on the couch reading *Slaughterhouse Five*.

-- ROONEY (15) does PUSH-UPS on the floor of her room. JAKE (15), stands in the doorway, staring daggers at Rooney. She looks up at him. Holds up a hand and FLIPS HIM OFF while continuing to do one-handed push-ups. Jake leaves.

INT. GROUP HOME / BATHROOM - EVENING

ROONEY (17) stands under the shower, looking up at the falling water. She runs her hands through her hair. Closes her eyes.

A BUCKET is lifted over the lip of the shower. It SPILLS onto her-- SHIT AND PISS, stirred into a soup. The bucket follows its contents OVER the stall and clonks Rooney on the head.

Rooney's eyes fly open. She looks at her arms, at the shit sloshing into the drain. *LAUGHTER from outside of the shower.*

INT. GROUP HOME / BATHROOM - EVENING

Rooney tears open the curtain. JAKE (17) stands there, smile plastered on his face. He freezes, takes in the sight.

JAKE
Whoa, Rooney--

Rooney JUMPS AT HIM, knocking him BACK into the wall.

JAKE (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK--

Rooney THROWS HIM to the tile floor of the bathroom. He lands HARD. She kneels over him and PUNCHES HIM in the face-- some of the shit on her hands smearing onto his cheeks.

He spits out blood, holds up his hands to protest. Rooney grabs him by the shirt collar and DRAGS HIM--

INT. GROUP HOME / HALLWAY - EVENING

--Down the hallway. OTHER KIDS come out of their rooms. Jake's hands slap at Rooney's legs, ass. *Not helping.*

She drags him to the WINDOW at the end of the hall, HOISTS him up-- and SLAMS HIM back through it. The glass SHATTERS.

INT. / EXT. GROUP HOME / HALLWAY - EVENING

They're on the second story-- he dangles backwards fourteen feet off the ground, legs still gripping the window frame.

JAKE
DON'T DROP ME, YOU CRAZY BITCH!

ROONEY
I'm crazy?

Rooney hesitates. Just looks at him. Loosens her grip a little bit. Holy shit she's gonna drop him--

WOMAN (O.S.)
BROWN!

Rooney freezes, turns. A CARETAKER stands in the hallway.

CARETAKER
Put him down. *Inside.*

INT. GROUP HOME / OFFICE - NIGHT

ROONEY sits in a chair in a cozy office. Arms crossed over her chest. The door opens behind her.

ROONEY
If you're gonna kick me out just do
it already, don't make me wait to--

She stops when she sees who's coming through the door. The caretaker, but, behind her, ANOTHER MAN-- a big, burly dude. He carries himself with calm-- but there's a dichotomy here, the sense he could flip on a dime. This is BERKOWITZ (55).

CARETAKER
Rooney. Meet Colonel Berkowitz.

The caretaker exits. Berkowitz sits across from Rooney. He holds out his hand. She just looks at it.

BERKOWITZ
Not gonna shake my hand?

ROONEY
Am I... in trouble?

BERKOWITZ
In trouble? Didn't he dump a bucket
of shit on you? No, you're not in
trouble, and even if you were, the
way I understand it, group homes
aren't generally in the practice of
bringing in government operatives to
deal with... troubled youths.

ROONEY
Government operative?

BERKOWITZ
Turn eighteen next week, right?
Gonna need a place to go. We've been
watching you. Rooney. For some time.

Berkowitz pulls out a laptop. Opens it in front of Rooney.

THE SCREEN is divided into sixteen quadrants-- *each displaying footage from a different point in Rooney's life.*

ONE SCREEN -- Rooney walks down the street smoking a cigarette. Somebody films her from the shadows.

ANOTHER SCREEN -- YOUNG ROONEY dances on stage in a school production of *Annie*.

ROONEY
What the hell--

BERKOWITZ
June 1st. 1991. Does *that* date
mean anything to you?

Rooney clams up. Berkowitz slides a PHOTO across his desk. She looks at it. *An image of ROONEY AND HER DAD, both smiling.*

BERKOWITZ (CONT'D)
I need you to tell me what happened
that night. I need you to tell me.
So I know you can face it.

ROONEY
A man broke into my house and
killed my father. Nobody knows why.
It was... random.

BERKOWITZ
That. Is not true.

He slides a FILE across the desk to Rooney. She looks inside.
Her FATHER'S PHOTO at the top.

BERKOWITZ (CONT'D)
I work for a private military company
called Whitewater. Your father did
intelligence work for us. The man who
killed him-- the man who chased you
around the house, who you pushed down
a staircase and *killed* when you were
six years old-- he was a high-level
contract killer. And we've been
tracking you ever since.

Rooney looks up from the folder and says nothing.

BERKOWITZ (CONT'D)
What do you want to do with your life?

ROONEY
I... I don't know. Help people, maybe.
But I don't know--

BERKOWITZ

You don't know the path. I think you could help people. You have the passion. The... aggression, the strength, the intelligence. But helping people doesn't always look the way you think it will.

ROONEY

What exactly do you do, Mr. Berkowitz?

Berkowitz says nothing for a long moment.

Then he GRINS. It's a big, toothy, joyless grin. It's terrifying. It lasts for a long time.

INT. GROUP HOME / ROONEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rooney sits in her bed in the group home. She opens the bedside table and pulls out an object-- the MUSIC BOX. She runs her hands over the surface. A familiar gesture.

She opens the box. The glass ballerina rises and begins to SPIN. *The soft lyrical melody begins to sound.*

Rooney sets the music box on the bedside table. She lays on her side and wraps her arms around herself. She rocks back and forth as she watches the ballerina spin on and on.

The soft tinkling takes us through a SERIES OF QUICK SCENES--

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

AERIAL SHOT -- The grounds of a private military corporation.

-- A rainy field. ROONEY does push-ups in formation with other trainees. One by one, the others tap out. Rooney DOESN'T.

-- Rooney and the other trainees run through an obstacle course. Rooney AHEAD of the others. She reaches a wall, CLIMBS THE ROPE dangling from it with ease.

-- Rifle practice. Rooney looks through a scope, SQUEEZES the trigger, BLASTS a hole in the head of a paper 33 yards away.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

ROONEY (early 20s now) sits at a two-top. Drinking a beer, lost in thought.

ROONEY - V.O.
I'm not ready.

BERKOWITZ - V.O.
You're ready.

A GUY walking past BUMPS into her. His beer sloshes onto her.

ROONEY

Watch where you're--

GUY

Hey, I'm so sorry--

Rooney and the guy look at each other. He has nice eyes, a scraggly beard, a Smiths t-shirt. This is TOM (20s).

TOM
I really didn't mean to-- oh God, I
spilled beer on you!

ROONEY
It's-- fine. Don't worry about it.

TOM
No, I-- I'll be back! Stay still!

Tom starts to run towards the bar-- realizes he's still holding a full beer-- sets it on the table-- runs off again.

MOMENTS LATER, he returns with a wet rag in hand and a haphazard smile on his face.

INT. BAR - LATER

Tom and Rooney sit across from one another.

TOM
Whitewater, sure, but-- what do you
do, actually?

ROONEY
Clerical work, mostly. It's boring.
But they make everyone who travels
for them go through basic training.

TOM
That's, that's intense, man. I'm
just-- I could never-- you could
totally kick my ass.

ROONEY
Are you okay with that?

TOM
If you are.

He reaches out and puts his hand on Rooney's.

TOM (CONT'D)
Shit. Should I not have done that?
I'm sorry, I--

Rooney smiles. The first time we've seen her do so. Then she glances at her watch.

ROONEY
Fuck.
(beat)
What are you doing later?

INT. HOTEL / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rooney walks down a hotel hallway dressed in a maid's outfit.

INT. HOTEL / ROOM - NIGHT

Rooney stands behind the door, gun clutched in her hand. The door creaks open.

BERKOWITZ - V.O.
And Rooney? Don't miss.

An Anderson Cooper-looking SILVER FOX steps through the door. Rooney raises her pistol at the back of his head. Hand shaking-- SLIGHTLY. She hesitates-- SLIGHTLY.

ROONEY - V.O.
Yeah, no fucking shit.

She FIRES. The bullet GRAZES the back of his head. He TURNS BACK, and as Rooney FIRES AGAIN he DIVES TOWARDS HER.

His weight carries her to the floor. They ROLL on the carpet, they scrapple for the upper hand, they trade positions UNTIL--

--Rooney has his neck CLENCHED BETWEEN HER THIGHS. How did we get here? Use your imagination. He STRUGGLES.

She aims her gun DOWN at the top of his head, sticking out from between her legs, and--

INT. HOTEL / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rooney washes blood off her face. She checks her watch.

ROONEY
Shit.

INT. APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ding! TOM, in sweatpants, walks to the front door of his apartment. Opens it. ROONEY stands there, looking remarkably well-put together given what just happened.

TOM
I wasn't sure you were coming.

ROONEY
Well. Here I am.

INT. APARTMENT / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rooney and Tom MAKE OUT FURIOUSLY on Tom's bed.

SUPERIMPOSE-- THIS TIME IN BRIGHT, FLASHING NEON COLORS--

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 2

EXT. MOSCOW / MARKETPLACE - NIGHT

ROONEY (*mid-20s now*) crosses a crowded patio. Phone out.

ROONEY - V.O.
Take me through it.

BERKOWITZ - V.O.
*These men belong to a group
responsible for beheading twenty-
five journalists over the last seven
years. Covered it up well-enough--*

ROONEY - V.O.
That we're here. Got it.

BERKOWITZ - V.O.
*Jack Stone. That's who you're working
with on this. You should be able to
spot him. Easily.*

A few dozen feet away, a table under a streetlight.

Illuminating a bouquet of roses and a handsome-ass dude, a JACK STONE (30s) if ever you've seen one. Rooney hastens towards him. He kneels, kisses her hand.

ROONEY
We're supposed to be fucking covert.

STONE
I am. I'm posing as a man in love.

EXT. MOSCOW / ALLEY - NIGHT

Rooney and Stone stand in the shadows of an alley. A DOOR opens-- two WAITERS step out into the alley. Rooney steps up behind one, Jack behind another. Chloroform rags in hand.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rooney and Jack enter, wearing the waiters' uniforms. They move straight for the private back dining room.

INT. RESTAURANT / BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Rooney and Jack push into the back room. LOUD MUSIC plays. A DOZEN MEN, sitting around a table, look up. Rooney and Jack are already moving, guns out, shooting-- HEADS EXPLODING.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A WAITER enters the back room. Sees the bodies, the walls painted in blood. Opens his mouth to YELL--

INT. MOSCOW / ALLEY - NIGHT

Rooney and Jack strip their uniforms, black clothes underneath.

STONE

Well done.

Stone moves to kiss Rooney. She puts her hand in his face.

AGAIN, IN BRIGHT NEON COLORS -- ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 7

EXT. PARK - DAY

ROONEY and TOM stroll through a park, holding hands.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP / DECK - NIGHT

A cruise ship, out to sea. On deck, men drinking, socializing. They all have short-cropped hair. An OLD DUDE locks eyes with a group of friends. Instead of waving he does a heil Hitler. Bunch of Nazi motherfuckers.

BERKOWITZ - V.O.

Nathanial Rutger's operation. Rented it out for what intel tells us is a planning retreat.

(MORE)

BERKOWITZ - V.O. (CONT'D)
Looking to strategically target three
majority black elementary schools in
Alabama.

ROONEY, in a service uniform, carries a tray of drinks. She looks up. Makes eye contact with a black woman, LAURA (40s), MOPPING the deck. A nod between the two of them.

ROONEY - V.O.
Boat full of Nazis. Got it.

Rooney pivots. Locks eyes with a Latina woman, KAY (20s), holding a tray of hors d'oeuvres. They nod at one another.

The song CHANGES-- and Rooney, Laura and Kay fly into action. Laura STABS an old skinhead in the throat with her mop, then pulls an automatic pistol from her apron and starts shooting.

Rooney and Kay drop their trays-- revealing GUNS held beneath them. They spin, firing--

EXT. CRUISE SHIP / DECK - LATER

The deck is a fucking *Ghost Ship*-level massacre (if anybody hasn't seen the opening scene from *Ghost Ship*, check it out).

Rooney, Laura and Kay descend the ship on a ladder and get into a SMALL DINGHY. They race away from the cruise ship.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 19

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A fancy restaurant. Tom and Rooney. A waiter delivers two flutes of champagne. Rooney sips hers. Tom STOPS her. She looks into the glass-- an ENGAGEMENT RING floats inside.

EXT. SWISS ALPS - MORNING

Fuck if it isn't gorgeous here, mountains and trees and a light dusting of snow under the crisp, clear fall air.

We follow a RENTAL CAR as it winds its way up a mountain road. Far away from any semblance of real civilization.

IN THE CAR -- AN ELDERLY COUPLE.

In the road ahead, A CONSTRUCTION ZONE. The highway closed off. Two CONSTRUCTION WORKERS stand watch.

The first construction worker holds up a STOP sign as the elderly couple approaches. They draw to a stop. The construction worker leans down as they roll down their window.

The elderly couple have American accents -- the construction worker, a thick German accent.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

How are the two of you doing today?

OLD MAN

We heard there was a town this way?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Road's closed. Avalanche conditions.
You'll have to go back through
Zermatt, come up the back way. But I
wouldn't do it in this car.

MOMENTS LATER -- The elderly couple's car drives BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN in the direction it came from. The construction worker watches them go.

We PUSH PAST the construction zone. Moving towards the LITTLE TOWN that lies beyond it. To the side of the road, a sign--

A rainbow. Words in German and translated below -- "WELCOME TO SUNNYVALE. EST. 1609. POPULATION 2,142. ENJOY YOUR STAY!"

EXT. SUNNYVALE - DAY

QUICK CUTS from around the town.

For a quaint little town nestled in the mountains of the Swiss Alps, it's about what you'd expect. Cute, small, old, everything built from wood. We recognize it, a little-- the same Swiss village from earlier, four hundred years later.

People walking their dogs on the streets. A couple motels. A bowling alley. An old fashioned diner.

AERIAL SHOTS show us the unusual geography of this place.

There are only two roads in and out of town. First the one the old couple came in on, on the WEST side of town.

The other road, on the EAST side of town, looks treacherous-- it's a skinny two-lane highway that passes between a half-mile section where TWO CLIFF WALLS tower on either side.

The whole town, nestled into a little valley in between all of this, seems to be built on TWO LEVELS, an upper section and a lower section.

We PUSH IN on the residential section of Sunnyvale. On one of the cute little houses.

INT. PINE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

White sheets. Two beautiful people, a man, PINE (20s), and a woman, KATIE (20s), lie in bed. Soft, peaceful, romantic--

KATIE

I have to get up. I have to pee.

Pine sleepily throws his arm around her, holding her down.

Katie has an American accent -- with some German edges to it. Pine has a HEAVY SOUTHERN ACCENT. Like Dukes of Hazard heavy.

PINE

Noooooo. Stayyyyyyy.

KATIE

Pine.

Pine relents. He lifts his arm. Katie gets to her feet, walks towards the bathroom. PINE sits up. Kind features, warm eyes.

KATIE returns. She stands in the doorway.

PINE

You shouldn't have to do this anymore. You're his daughter.

No response from Katie.

PINE (CONT'D)

Just promise me that you're gonna--

KATIE

I'm gonna be okay.

GIRL (O.S.)

Mommmmmmyyyyyy!!!!

A YOUNG GIRL, EVE (6), runs into the room and wraps her arms around Katie's waist. Katie kisses her on the head.

EVE

Do you have to go?

KATIE

Unfortunately, sweetie, but I'll be back soon.

PINE

I'll still be here!

Eve looks at him, sticks out her tongue.

PINE (CONT'D)
You're gonna make me cry.

Eve runs towards Pine, JUMPS onto the bed. He grabs her, starts tickling her. She SHRIEKS.

EXT. PINE'S HOUSE - DAY

The three of them step out onto the porch.

A CAR idles in the driveway. A DRIVER waiting. Pine and Katie kiss. Katie picks Eve up and plants a kiss on her cheek. Katie enters the car. It departs. Pine and Eve watch her go.

EVE
I'm sad.

PINE
Me too.

EVE
Do I still have to go to school--
PINE
Yes.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - DAY

Pine walks, now wearing blue coveralls and a baseball cap. He whistles as he walks past a row of shops. Then past a CHURCH.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A PASTOR (60s) gives a sermon to his congregation. A NASTY SCAR criss-crosses the left side of his face. The pews are full. Everyone listens with rapt attention. PINE steps inside. He stands by the door and listens.

The Pastor delivers his sermon with a THICK GERMAN ACCENT.

THE PASTOR
...and we will realize that God
always delivers us opportunities.
Sometimes when we least expect them.

The Pastor notices Pine standing by the door. He smiles.

THE PASTOR (CONT'D)
Like delivering the Godless Pine
Morrow to our sermon on this fine
morning. What brings you this way?

The congregation turns to look at Pine. Warm smiles.

PINE
Thought I'd see if I could glean
any wisdom by poking my head in.

THE PASTOR
And?

PINE
Not today. Pardon the interruption.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Pine steps to the counter, tosses down a Cliff Bar. Behind the counter, a KINDLY OLDER CLERK (60s). She looks up, smiles.

CLERK
Pine! How are you?

PINE
Fine and dandy.

Pine pays, leaves. The clerk bends down, looks under the counter. A SHOTGUN strapped there, easily reachable. Good.

INT. / EXT. PINE'S AUTO SHOP - DAY

Pine walks into an AUTO-MECHANIC GARAGE. The lights FLIP ON. Pine walks to the counter, steps behind it.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - DAY

Outside. People on the streets. People walking their dogs. A perfectly normal motherfucking normal-ass town.

BLACK.

EXT. ROONEY'S HOUSE - DAY

An upper-middle class home in the suburbs of Chicago.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

Rooney and Tom's WEDDING PHOTOS on the wall. Rooney sits in bed. Her PHONE buzzes on the bedside table.

She stands, picks it up, looks at it. The Caller ID simply tells us it's "WORK." Rooney hesitates--

Then sets the phone down, opens the TOP DRAWER of the bedside table and pulls out--

THE MUSIC BOX. She handles it carefully, looks at it. *On the table, the phone stops buzzing.*

TOM walks into the room. He comes up behind Rooney, wraps his arms around her and kisses her on the cheek.

The phone BUZZES again-- the notification tells us somebody's left a VOICEMAIL. Tom clocks it.

TOM
Where are they sending you this time?

ROONEY
I don't know yet.

TOM
Have you thought more about asking for a transfer? Be nice to have you around more.

ROONEY
I don't know yet.

Tom kisses her cheek again and walks out of the room.

The phone BEGINS TO BUZZ again. Rooney places the music box back into the drawer-- and picks up the phone.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
Yeah?

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

We PUSH IN on the boarded up window of a run-down high-rise.

INT. RIO DE JANEIRO / HIGH RISE - DAY

This floor appears to be an abandoned construction zone, exposed pillars and rebar. Rooney rests the stabilizing bipod of a Remington MSR sniper rifle on the old radiator, puts her eye to the sight, and looks through the window.

On the floor beside her, a Kombucha and Eugene Thacker's *In the Dust of This Planet*. She talks into an earpiece.

ROONEY
You never told me what this guy did.

BERKOWITZ - EARPIECE

And you didn't always think to ask.

P.O.V. OF RIFLE -- A metro train cuts through the city below. Rooney aims at the car, then counts her way back. One two three four five-- she stops on the sixth car and TRACKS IT.

IN THE TRAIN CAR-- A young child. A pregnant woman. Not what we're looking for. Then there he is, slumped against one window, a schlubby dude who also happens to be our TARGET.

ROONEY

I'm about to shoot at a train car
with children and a pregnant woman.
I'm allowed to know why we're
taking this risk.

BERKOWITZ - EARPIECE

*Name Marcus Reyes ring a bell?
Guyanese Presidential candidate.
This is the guy who hacked his
computer, leaked pictures of him,
threw the election for the other
party, now their economy is fucked
beyond unfucking.*

ROONEY

We're killing him because he hacked
a political candidate?

BERKOWITZ - EARPIECE

Rooney.

ROONEY

And here I remember when we killed
Nazis, Russians and terrorists.

BERKOWITZ - EARPIECE

*People died because of his actions,
we don't know where he'll go next.*

ROONEY

Because of how people voted, not--

BERKOWITZ - EARPIECE

*Getting second thoughts about our
line of work?*

P.O.V. OF RIFLE -- The scope over the man's head. She leads it a little. Hesitates another beat. And--

ROONEY

I can't.

BERKOWITZ - PHONE
Goddamnit, Rooney--

P.O.V. OF RIFLE -- Rooney swings her scope away from the train, towards the SURROUNDING BUILDINGS. As she's about to look away from the scope-- SHE GLIMPSES SOMETHING.

Fuck, in the next high-rise over-- ANOTHER PERSON with a sniper rifle. *It's trained on Rooney.*

Rooney has barely any time-- just enough to turn her head. POP! A little flash in the window of that other building--

WE TRACK THE BULLET IN SLOW MOTION. It spins through the air. It pierces THROUGH one of the boards over Rooney's window.

In the room now. The bullet speeds towards Rooney, still in the process of turning away from the window. *She faces parallel to it.* The bullet nears her face. It's totally gonna hit her--

It does.

Her mouth is open in a yell. The bullet passes THROUGH her left cheek, and then EXITS through her right cheek.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED.

Rooney collapses to the ground-- but is back up quickly. Two holes in her cheeks, from which blood gushes, but remarkably her head is still intact. She wastes no time, she looks back through the sight, aims the gun quickly, sees it--

The OTHER PERSON still in the window. For one moment, we get a clear look at her face. It's KATIE-- Pine's lovely lady. Katie turns away from the window.

Rooney SHOOTS. Her bullet takes Katie in the back. Katie stumbles, pivots-- and COLLAPSES OUT THE WINDOW. She plummets towards that sweet, sweet Rio De Janeiro sidewalk.

Rooney watches Katie fall. The bottom half of her face SOAKED IN BLOOD. Then she opens her mouth and YELLS. The sounds that come out are half audible, half gargling noise.

BERKOWITZ - PHONE (CONT'D)
Rooney?

INT. HIGH RISE / STAIRWELL - DAY

Rooney runs down the stairwell, hands clutched to her face. Blood GUSHES out of her, dying her skin, her clothes red.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO / STREETS - DAY

Rooney runs toward the street, hand in the air as she attempts to hail a taxi. One SCREECHES to a stop. The taxi driver takes one look at her-- and PEELS OFF.

ROONEY
Motherfucker.

It comes out sounding like, "Mmmrrrrffuck." Rooney stumbles off.

SUPERIMPOSE -- ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 20**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Rooney opens her eyes. She lies in a hospital bed. The bottom half of her face is covered in gauze. She GROANS weakly. A DOCTOR (60s) stands over her.

DOCTOR
Welcome back.

All Rooney's words come out muffled through the gauze.

ROONEY
I-- You're American?

DOCTOR
You're in Chicago. Where did you think you were?

Rooney looks out the window. The Chicago skyline, indeed. The doctor exits. BERKOWITZ walks in. He examines the gauze.

BERKOWITZ
One bullet? Through both cheeks?

ROONEY
What am I gonna tell Tom?

BERKOWITZ
Tell him the truth. You got shot.
In an alley somewhere.

ROONEY
Think he'll buy it?

BERKOWITZ
They always do. The first time.

Berkowitz sits on the bed. *Sighs.*

BERKOWITZ (CONT'D)

I should have told you. This isn't the first time this has happened. Them, whoever *they* are, they keep popping up. At our jobs.

ROONEY

And you didn't.. tell me? You didn't think that was something I should fucking know?

BERKOWITZ

Kay put one down in Norway, Stone dropped one in Prague. Hoped it was done. Now I think it's some other organization, trying to take us out. Either way. We'll need you out there. Help us get to the bottom of this.

He puts his hand on her arm, stands to go.

BERKOWITZ (CONT'D)

Look. You choked. It happens to everyone. Few months, you think, to get back on your feet?

ROONEY

Berkowitz. I'm fucking out.

BERKOWITZ

Think I might be mishearing you through all that gauze. You never back down. From anything. Not in your whole life. That's why I chose you.

ROONEY

This isn't what it used to be. I have a husband now. And we used to kill people who *needed* to be killed--

BERKOWITZ

The world doesn't work in blacks and whites, it never did, don't pretend we were paragons of morality before. Nothing's changed.

ROONEY

A lot has changed.

Berkowitz paces towards the door. Then turns back.

BERKOWITZ

You think I've never thought about getting out?

(MORE)

BERKOWITZ (CONT'D)
Disappear to Hawaii, spend the rest
of my life drinking beer on a cliff,
watching the sunset?

ROONEY
Why don't you?

BERKOWITZ
Because. That's not how this works.
There is no "getting out," not after
the things we've done. Sooner or
later, someone will come knocking.

ROONEY
And I'll be ready. I'm fucking done.
Berkowitz. If this keeps-- my family--
if I don't stop-- I'm done.

He looks at her for a long moment.

BERKOWITZ
Well then. Thank you for your
service.

He walks out. The door swings shut behind him.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rooney walks in, kicks the door shut behind her.

ROONEY
Tom?

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rooney walks into the living room. Tom lies on the couch
reading *Freedom*, the Franzen book.

ROONEY
Don't freak out.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - LATER

Rooney stands in front of the mirror looking at her bandages.
Tom stands near the door, covering his eyes and looking away.

ROONEY
Tom, I need help--

TOM
Those bastards, a fucking alley?!
Why were you in an alley, were you
peeing? Rooney, be honest with me,
were you peeing in an alley? It's
not embarrassing.

Tom-- ROONEY TOM (CONT'D)
I'm serious, I can't look,
it's too gross!

ROONEY
About to get a whole lot *grosser*.

She rips the gauze off her left cheek. It really is gross.
The stitches look gnarly as fuck. The caked blood and dried
puss give the vibe that this wound will never heal.

Oh God. TOM ROONEY (CONT'D)
Tom!

TOM
I-- No, it looks fine.

ROONEY
Double down?

TOM
What?

She rips the gauze off the second cheek.

Ah! TOM (CONT'D) ROONEY
Tom!

Rooney dabs hydrogen peroxide onto the wound. Tom makes a
sound like he's throwing up in his throat.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
Tom. It feels ridiculous that *I'm*
the one saying this to you at *this*
moment. But... it's gonna be okay
now. It's all gonna be fine.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A PLUME OF DARK SMOKE rises from the center of Sunnyvale.

A gathering of a FEW HUNDRED PEOPLE. They stand in a ring
around a WIDE PIT. A FIRE burns furiously in the pit.

The crowd watches as a metal platform WHIRS, lowering a SIX-
FOOT LONG WOODEN BOX into the depths of the fire pit.

Everyone in the crowd somber, stoic. A few figures stand out.

A YOUNG WOMAN (25) in a polka dot sundress. She's adorable. Pink, rosy cheeks. This is a face we'll remember.

A SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE who look like they just came from a restaurant-- wearing aprons, and fry-cook uniforms.

A GNARLED OLD MAN holding a pair of nun-chucks. On each handle, a smiley face. That's familiar.

The PASTOR from the Church.

Also visible-- PINE and EVE. Tears streaming down both of their cheeks as they watch the flames lick up around the box.

Front and center, ahead of everyone, an INTENSE, WILLEM DAFOE, MAD SMIKELSEN-LOOKING MOTHERFUCKER. He stands so close the fire must be burning him.

This is MAYOR ELIAS MULLER-- AKA THE MAYOR (60) OF SUNNYVALE.

The light from the flames dances off his face. The Mayor takes one last look down into the fire. The flames DEVOURING the box. The CLERK from the convenience store steps towards him.

CLERK

So sorry. She was a lovely girl.

The Mayor looks ACROSS the fire pit. He locks eyes with PINE. Pine nods slightly. The Mayor nods back.

A man sporting what is clearly a PROSTHETIC NOSE, puts a hand on the Mayor's shoulder, whispers into his ear. The Mayor nods. Resumes staring into the fire.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - MORNING

Rooney and Tom lie in bed.

The scars on Rooney's cheeks are healing-- but still noticeable. They always will be.

Rooney stirs. Tom, eyes closed, GROANS, reaches a hand out and grabs one of her breasts.

ROONEY

Morning.

TOM

I would like it stated that I was trying to grab your shoulder, not your boob.

He touches her cheek gently.

TOM (CONT'D)
They're healing well.

ROONEY
They're hideous.

He kisses her on the cheek, on the scar.

TOM
No they're not.

Rooney smiles.

ROONEY
How long until they start getting here?

TOM
A few hours. Enough time to prep some meals so my Mom doesn't--

The doorbell rings.

TOM (CONT'D) ROONEY
You're kidding. Oh fuck off.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / FOYER - MINUTES LATER

Rooney and Tom, bleary eyed, open the door. BETH (60s) stands on the front porch.

THOMAS BETH
Morning Mom-- Sweetheart.

Beth throws her eyes around Tom, hugs him vigorously, then lets go and extends her cheek for Rooney to kiss. Rooney does.

ROONEY
Guess the drive was a little quicker than anticipated?

BETH TOM
What is she talking about? We thought you were getting here this afternoon.

BETH
And let you do all the cooking yourself? Especially with this one as your only helper, I-- Rooney, I don't mean to needle, you have many wonderful skills but--

ROONEY
I get it. Come on in.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tom and Beth load a pie into the oven. Rooney, on the couch in the living room, looks in at them and smiles.

DING! The doorbell again. Rooney's head slumps back.

BLACK.

EXT. BERLIN - NIGHT

KAY, who we recognize from the Nazi boat, walks down the street. It's dark. Nobody around. She pulls her coat tight around her. Looks over her shoulder. Nobody there. She goes to her car. Gets in. Starts the ignition--

BOOM! The flames gobble up the oxygen of the quiet night.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

LAURA, also from the boat, sleeps. A DARK FIGURE approaches her. Pillow in hand. He brings it down over her face. SHE KICKS, STRUGGLES. No dice.

INT. HOTEL / ROOM - NIGHT

JACK STONE reclines on a hotel bed in satin boxers. A *KNOCK*.

STONE
It's open.

The door creaks open. A woman enters. We recognize her. She's the adorable, polka-dot sundress-wearing woman from Katie's funeral. Now wearing a trench coat.

STONE (CONT'D)
I was expecting somebody of the more, er, oriental variety.

She throws off her trench coat. What she's wearing underneath can only be described as "Hot damn, gentlemen, am I right?"

STONE (CONT'D)
But you'll do.

She comes to him. Straddles him. They start making out. He puts his hand on her breast.

WOMAN

Mmmmm.

As he gropes her, she reaches up. Her hair is bound into a pun with TWO PENCILS. She PULLS THEM OUT. Sharp.

Then she JAMS A PENCIL into the underside of Stone's chin. His head flies back. She JAMS the other pencil into his ear.

His teeth NASH SHUT. He SPASMS, but she holds him in place. His eyes are wide. Still kind-of alive. She looks down.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Huh. Still hard.

She pulls down his boxers, and her panties, and PUTS HIM INSIDE HER. She rides him. She fucking rides him, using the pencils, still STICKING OUT OF HIM, as handles.

She MOANS, LOUDER AND LOUDER, as blood dribbles from Stone's nose, mouth and ears.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house bustles with TWENTY PEOPLE. Tom, Rooney, Beth, a few dudes who must be TOM'S BROTHERS, their WIVES, other assorted ADULTS, and four YOUNG GIRLS who run around, screaming.

Rooney and Tom stand in a circle with CHET (30s), one of Tom's brothers and also a douche, and CHET'S WIFE-- he has his arm around her. Chet points at Tom.

CHET

Come on! Just give me a number!

TOM

I'm not gonna-- no! We're not kids with paper routes anymore, we don't have to compete about who brings more money home on a given day--

CHET

Roons, come on, that fancy government job must have coughed up after the accident, right?

TOM

Come on, man!

ROONEY

I--

Rooney's phone BUZZES in her pocket. She takes it out, looks at the screen. Incoming call from "Work."

TOM
What is it?

ROONEY
Nothing. Back in a second.

Rooney pushes into the KITCHEN and puts the phone to her ear.

BERKOWITZ - PHONE
Brown.

ROONEY
Berkowitz? Why the fuck are you
calling me?

BERKOWITZ - PHONE
You have to run. They're coming.

ROONEY
Berkowitz?

BERKOWITZ - PHONE
*They're picking us off, they got
everyone. Take your family and run.
They're coming for me too, I don't
have much time, I--*

A muffled THUMP from the other end of the call--

And the line goes dead. Rooney looks at the phone-- then RUNS
into the living room. People gathered around in different
groups of conversation.

BETH
But the *foot traffic* at my
favorite Joe's on Sunday--

ROONEY
Everybody!

ROONEY (CONT'D)
EVERYBODY LISTEN!

BETH
--just ridiculous, I'm just
trying to get some pot pies--

Everyone quiets down, looks at her. One of the OTHER LITTLE
GIRLS (6) notes her concern.

OTHER LITTLE GIRL
What's wrong, Aunt Rooney?

ROONEY
We-- We have to go. I, um--

ROONEY (CONT'D)
That was the gas company on
the phone--

TOM

Honey?

ROONEY

--we need to get out of here, it's--

BETH

Get out of here, where are we going? We haven't even had fucking cake yet, the cake I slaved over--

TOM

Hey, language, around the kids--

ROONEY

EVERYONE SHUT THE FUCK UP!

BETH

What--

ROONEY (CONT'D)

You too, Beth. Shut your fucking mouth.

That certainly does it. Everyone looks at her.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

You all need to listen to me, *for once*. We need to get out of here, and we need to go now. No questions. I'll explain later. We just all need to move towards the door.

All quiet for a few moments. Then--

BETH

Alright, alright, we're--

GUNFIRE. Windows shatter. Half of Beth's face BLOWS OFF.

Bullets pepper the walls, the furniture. People tumbling, blood spraying. Tom, in the middle of it, is *frozen*. Rooney sprints towards him, TACKLES HIM to the ground.

They land on the floor behind the couch, Rooney on top of Tom. They look around wildly. QUICK CUTS of what they see--

Their relatives, their loved ones lie dead on the ground. Two of the little girls in a pile, one on top of another.

Bullets still fly, from where it's hard to tell, it's all happening so fast. People still falling all around them. Rooney rolls off of Tom. He looks at her.

His face, there's no way to describe his expression, what he's seeing would be impossible for any person to comprehend.

TOM

R-Rooney? What's happening?

ROONEY

Tom, we have to stay down.

TOM
Is this-- What's happening? I-- I
have to see if my Mom's okay, I--

Tom pushes himself to his feet. A bullet rips through his head. He falls forwards onto his face. Rooney grabs Tom's body and pulls him back over to her. One eye is missing.

In shock, Rooney plants a kiss on his lips. AS SHE'S KISSING HIM, she sees, over his shoulder--

A MAN WITH A GUN walking around the couch. Nothing to do but-- Rooney PULLS TOM'S BODY OVER HER and falls to the ground.

The gunman WALKS PAST. Rooney LURCHES OUT, pulls him to the ground. His arm SPLAYS OUT as he falls. Rooney JERKS the gun out of his hand and shoots him twice in the side of the head.

She glances back. FIVE MASKED MEN moving towards her.

All the doors too far away, the only close escape-- THE STAIRCASE. Rooney BREAKS FOR IT. She SPINS back around as she moves, fires into the living room. TWO OF THE MEN go down.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Rooney ducks around a corner. ONE OF THE MEN runs past. Rooney POPS HIM in the side of the head. *MORE FOOTSTEPS approaching.* She DUCKS into an open door.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rooney pushes through into her BEDROOM. BULLET HOLES have pierced the windows and walls. Rooney moves to the corridor of floor between the bed and wall. She slumps down.

Tears, snot running, she runs her hands through her hair, looks around, trying to make sense of it, trying to make sense of all of it, *heart beating audibly.*

She glances at the BEDSIDE TABLE. Just looks at it for a long second. Then she yanks it open and pulls out THE MUSIC BOX. A *BULLET has torn through its side.*

ROONEY
No, no--

She opens the music box. AS BEFORE, the glass ballerina rises and begins to spin. As she spins, the upper third of her body cracks off and falls to the ground.

The music that comes out of the box is warped, distorted. A fucked-up, haunted melody.

Rooney SHUTS THE BOX and clutches it to her chest. Eyes closed, tears seeping through. Then her eyes OPEN.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE / UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Rooney-- backpack now slung over her shoulder-- steps out into the hallway. No longer shaking. Tears, drying.

The two men TURN TOWARDS HER. She raises her gun, POPS one of them in the face, DUCKING as the other one PUTS A BULLET where she WAS seconds ago, she comes up in front of him, gun under his chin, BANG, paints the ceiling with his brains.

INT. ROONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rooney walks back down the stairs back into the living room. She looks around. *The girls. Beth. Tom, half his face gone.* SOMETHING MOVES in the periphery of her vision, one of the men PUSHING HIMSELF off the ground.

Rooney DIVES TOWARDS HIM. She PUNCHES HIM. He collapses to the ground. She points her gun at his face. He looks up at her, only his eyes visible through the mask.

ROONEY

Get up.

She grabs him and drags him to his feet. Half-conscious, he stumbles along beside her as she drags him into the kitchen.

EXT. ROONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They kick through the door, exiting the side of the house. Rooney prods the man with her rifle as they move.

EXT. CHICAGO / SIDEWALK - NIGHT

They stumble down the sidewalk, keeping to the shadows. In the background, SIRENS grow louder. *RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASH* as police cars and ambulances RACE BY. Once they're gone--

MASKED MAN

Just kill me now.

ROONEY

Not how this works.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

AN UBER rolls down the street. It pulls up to the curb. Rooney, still dragging the masked man, opens the door.

INT. UBER - NIGHT

The DRIVER, an awkward nineteen-year-old, glances back.

UBER DRIVER

Did you guys see those cop--

He gets a good look at them. Rooney, covered in blood, holding a gun on the masked man.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)

Jesus--

ROONEY

There's another gun aimed at your back, drive or I'll put a bullet in your spine.

The kid hesitates-- then the car TAKES OFF.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 25**EXT. CHICAGO / GHETTO - NIGHT**

The car pulls to the curb in a seedy section of Chicago.

INT. UBER - NIGHT

The kid puts the car into park. Rooney holds up her phone.

ROONEY

I have your name and your license number. Tell anyone about this, it won't take me long to find you.

UBER DRIVER

Please--

ROONEY (CONT'D)

LISTEN. I'll kill you, but not before I kill your parents, siblings, any pets you might have, right down to the fucking goldfish. Or you can keep quiet. Got it?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rooney kicks open the door of a large ABANDONED WAREHOUSE and drags the masked man inside. A COUPLE TWEAKERS shoot up in a corner. They look up. Rooney aims the gun at them.

ROONEY

Get out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Rooney THROWS the masked man to the ground in a corner of the warehouse. He GROANS as he hits the ground.

ROONEY

Look at me.

Rooney puts the tip of the rifle under his chin, directs his gaze towards her. With her free hand, she reaches out and PULLS the mask off his head.

We know him-- it's the PASTOR from Sunnyvale, recognizable by the SCAR that runs across one side of his face.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Good. I want you to look me in the eyes. Because I want to see what it feels like. To die.

She PULLS the trigger. It CLICKS empty. The Pastor SQUEEZES his eyes shut before realizing he's still alive.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Just kidding. This thing's been empty since back at the house.

She SWINGS IT, cracking him across the face again.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

You are gonna die tonight. Your choice is whether it happens quickly, or slowly.

Rooney strolls across the warehouse, leaving the Pastor in a heap on the floor. His eyes closed.

The sound of Rooney's feet padding back towards him.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Open your eyes.

He does. Rooney holds, in her hand, A RUSTY METAL SPOON. What the TWEAKERS were using to smoke crack out of.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

I don't have any knives, or guns. But I think this should do the trick. You're not gonna try to run, are you?

Rooney STOMPS on his kneecap. He HOWLS in pain. Rooney grabs his face, leans down, pulls it close to hers.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
Look at me. Look at me.

Rooney SLICES the edge of the spoon across his cheek, flaying his skin open. He SCREAMS again.

ROONEY (CONT'D)	PASTOR
Tell me the name of your organization.	Oh God in heaven, my lord and savior--

Rooney SLICES his other cheek open.

ROONEY
Religious, huh? Maybe I'll carve a couple swastikas into your face, see how you like that.

ROONEY (CONT'D)	PASTOR
Tell me the name of your organization.	I can't--

Rooney JAMS the spoon INTO the cut on his right cheek and TWISTS IT. He SCREAMS.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Rooney has done a number on this motherfucker. In such a way that he's still very much ALIVE and CONSCIOUS. Little cuts all over his body. Pieces of skin hanging in flaps. She kneels over him. He breathes heavily.

ROONEY
Fuck. Sitting like this is killing my back. It would really be a lot easier if you just talked, you know that?
(beat)
Normally I'm not one for this sadistic shit. But my family died tonight. So. I think it's only fair that you tell me what I want to know.

The Pastor only looks at her. Pure hatred in his eyes.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
There's one thing we haven't tried.

Rooney reaches for the crotch of the Pastor's pants. Grabs the zipper. Zip.

PASTOR

No.

ROONEY

(mocking)

"No. No." Your fucking face is hanging in four pieces, but "Oh, no, not my dick. Please, not my dick."

Rooney grabs the Pastor's pants, yanks them down around his thighs. Everything blood-stained. She reaches for his boxers.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Not a briefs guy?

She pulls them down. *For posterity's sake, let's stay above the waist from here on out. Our imaginations can do the rest.*

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Tell me the name of your organization.

PASTOR

I can't--

SQWIRP, that's the fleshy slicing sound that we hear as she, PRESUMABLY, drags the sharpened edge of the spoon across the surface of his dick.

ROONEY

Tell me the name of your--

PASTOR

SUNNYVALE! SUNNYVALE!

ROONEY

Sunnyvale? That's the name of your--

PASTOR

It's... Where. I'm... From...

ROONEY

What. Do. You. Mean?

PASTOR

I-- I can't. I have a family. You can't hurt my family.

ROONEY

I'm not gonna hurt your family. I don't hurt innocent people. I'm gonna kill everyone in your organization, no more and no less.

PASTOR

You don't understand.

SQWIRPTHHP she SLICES the spoon across his dick again.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

IT'S A TOWN! IT'S THE TOWN I'M FROM!

ROONEY

Where you're based out of? Where is it?

The Pastor speaks between sobs. Glances down at his dick.

PASTOR

The Swiss Alps. Forty miles North of Zermatt. We are Sunnyvale. 2,000 people. We are *all* the organization.

Rooney swallows hard. She puts a finger under his chin and tilts his head to look her in the eyes.

ROONEY

I'm gonna ask some clarifying questions. You're gonna answer them. You're saying there's a town, and everyone who lives there, is--

The Pastor SPITS blood in Rooney's face.

PASTOR

Every one of them a killer that could end your life in a heartbeat.

ROONEY

The kids?

PASTOR

In training.

ROONEY

The elderly?

PASTOR

Retired. And the rest of us. We have jobs, all of us. Keeping the gears turning. When one of us leaves for an assignment, the others fill in.

ROONEY

That's fucking crazy.

PASTOR

And yet. It's worked. For five hundred years. Hiding in plain sight.

ROONEY

Who do you-- Who do you work *for*?

PASTOR

Whoever pays. Like your own government. Whitewater was too traceable. So they set you up, for us to pick you off.

ROONEY

So you killed all of us? *Our families?*

PASTOR

Just *your* family. Penance for shooting his daughter. Our leader's. Our Mayor's. *In Rio.*

ROONEY

Only after she gave me these fucking scars-- I think it was justified. This Mayor. Tell me about him.

The Pastor laughs. It comes out as a strange half-wheeze.

PASTOR

The title is ceremonial. The position inherited. The last descendant of our first leader, four hundred years ago.

ROONEY

Why do you stay, why has nobody tried to overthrow him?

PASTOR

Leave? Nobody leaves, those who leave are tracked down and killed, their families disposed of. But. It's a good life. Community, family, protection. We are trained from birth-- our mortality rate is low. We are taken care of when we are old. Why would anybody want that to change?

Rooney gets out her phone, brings up a map of Switzerland.

ROONEY

Point to it. And I'll spare your wife and children. Parents, too, if they're there.

The Pastor taps the map. Coordinates pop up.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

And... what was your job?

PASTOR

I'm-- I was the Pastor.

ROONEY

Don't think that's a little ironic?

PASTOR

I suppose, I'm about to find out.

Rooney brings the edge of the spoon to his throat.

ROONEY

I'm gonna find this town. I'm gonna kill as many of your citizens as I can, so you can't reform. And then I'm gonna blow your Mayor's brains out. That's what happens now.

PASTOR

How will you know what my family--

Rooney SLICES the spoon across his throat.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 26

EXT. CHICAGO / PARK - EARLY MORNING

A cute little park. Rooney walks to a patch of bushes and trees, kneels down, starts to DIG with her bare hands.

She stops-- pulls a CANVAS BAG out of the dirt. She zips it open, looks through it. CASH and FAKE PAPERWORK. A PASSPORT.

EXT. SWITZERLAND / AIRPORT - DAY

A plane lands. ROONEY disembarks.

SUPERIMPOSE -- **SWITZERLAND. 20 HOURS LATER.**

EXT. ZERMATT - DAY

Rooney drives a rented Nissan Leaf drives through Zermatt. She parks in front of a cute, quaint little bookstore.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Rooney walks through the door, sunglasses on. She looks around. No other customers in the store. Just a SKINNY DUDE IN A BAND T-SHIRT behind the counter.

Rooney walks to the counter, leans towards him.

ROONEY

Do you have any 1849 printings of *Moby Dick*?

MOMENTS LATER -- The employee flips the door sign to CLOSED. He turns to Rooney, raises his finger as if to say "Aha."

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE
June of 2015. You needed a rifle,
when I gave you one you argued with
me about the specs.

ROONEY
Yeah. Sorry about that.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE
Is alright. I like a woman who knows
what she wants. That sounded less
creepy in my head. Shall we get to
the goods?

INT. BOOKSTORE / BASEMENT - DAY

Rooney and the employee descend a staircase into the basement.

MOMENTS LATER -- The bookstore employee hits a button on the
wall. A WOODEN PANEL slides open. He walks around the room,
hitting other buttons on each wall, opening other hidden
compartments-- each dedicated to a specific type of weapon.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE
Handguns. Rifles. Shotguns. Assorted
other shit, see for yourself.

She peers into the last cabinet. Smoke grenades, real
grenades, knives-- assorted other shit, indeed. Rooney points
to the final unopened cabinet behind him.

He grins. Opens it. Various mechanical gadgetry inside. And
what looks to be a Goddamn rocket launcher.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
If you're interested, I'll have to
show you how to use it--

ROONEY
I'm interested. In all of it.

INT. BOOKSTORE - MOMENTS LATER

Back upstairs. Rooney forks over massive bundles of cash. The
bookstore employee begins to leaf through it.

INT. HOTEL / ROOM - NIGHT

Rooney kneels over a BLUEPRINT of a small town. Pen in hand,
she circles things, crosses things out.

When she's done, she reaches into her backpack-- and pulls out the music box. She kisses the lid of it.

EXT. SWISS ALPS / MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Rooney's Nissan Leaf winds its way up a mountain road.

INT. CAR - DAY

ROONEY drives. Hand on the gearshift, she swerves around a turn. She glances into the backseat. It's fucking FILLED WITH WEAPONRY. Of every kind imaginable.

Somebody *yodelling* on the radio. Rooney is cold, expressionless. She reaches out, boops the radio to another channel.

"Shake it off, shake it off--" She changes it again. *Static.* She shuts it off.

Ahead, THE CONSTRUCTION ZONE. Rooney's face unreadable as she nears it. The construction worker holds up a STOP sign and motions for Rooney to roll down her window.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Hello, miss, how are you doing to--

He looks at Rooney, sees she's HOLING A HANDGUN IN HER LAP.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (CONT'D)

Shit--

He reaches for the GUN HOLSTER concealed behind his back--

Rooney holds a handgun in her lap. Without her expression changing in the slightest, she pulls the trigger.

The bullet plants itself in the construction worker's heart.

His words catch in his throat, and as a little flower of blood begins to blossom on his shirt, he topples over backwards.

In the road ahead, the SECOND CONSTRUCTION WORKER stands with his back to Rooney. Hasn't heard anything. Rooney lets her foot off the gas. The car creeps forwards.

Twenty-five feet from him. Fifteen. Ten. The construction worker TURNS just as Rooney rolls past him.

SECOND CONSTRUCTION WORKER

What--

Rooney FIRES a second time. The bullet PINGS in through his forehead and PONGS out through the back of his head. He topples over backwards.

Rooney stops the car and gets out. Behind her, a twist in the road. Ahead, a downward-sloping hill. Nobody around.

Rooney JOGS to the first man and pulls his body off the road. She then JOGS to the second and does the same. She gets back in her car and accelerates away from the scene.

Off to the side of the road, the sign-- *"Welcome to Sunnyvale."*

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 28

EXT. SUNNYVALE - DAY

Rooney drives through Sunnyvale, taking in the layout.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Rooney drives through the residential area of Sunnyvale. Baseball cap pulled low on her head.

A few pedestrians walk the streets around her. She pulls over behind what looks like an ABANDONED BUILDING. Backpack slung over her back, she walks towards the facade.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING / SECOND STORY - DAY

Rooney kneels down-- screwing together METAL POLES.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / CITY HALL - DAY

Rooney walks down the street-- a CARDBOARD BOX in her hand. On the other side of the street -- "SUNNYVALE CITY HALL."

Looks exactly like any normal City Hall in any normal town.

Nobody watching. Rooney reaches a trash can. She moves to toss the box into it, but instead drops it into the bush BEHIND the trash can. It SINKS into the green.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - DAY

Rooney drives down another street.

She stops next to a STORM DRAIN. Opens her door-- blocking our view of whatever she's doing-- then SLAMS the door shut.

--Rooney repeats this process twice more, on two other streets, stopping in front of storm drains, opening her door.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Rooney passes a ROW OF SHOPS on the outskirt of town.
Isolated, few people on the streets. Good place to start.

She pulls into the parking lot of the SAME CONVENIENCE STORE
Pine stopped in.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / CITY HALL - DAY

Where Rooney was, minutes ago.

INT. CITY HALL / SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

AGAINST ONE WALL, an electronic map of the town. MOVING RED DOTS, one for each person in town. Other surveillance screens display feeds from around town. TECHS man the equipment.

A YOUNG TECH walks up to an OLDER TECH who watches a still feed of the East road into town, between the cliff walls.

YOUNG TECH
Sir. It's the hour, the West guards
haven't checked in.

OLDER TECH
Bring it up on the screen.

The young tech moves to a control panel, starts to type.

EXT. ROONEY'S CAR - DAY

In the convenience store parking lot. Rooney reaches into her backpack and pulls out--

A KEY FOB. THREE BUTTONS on it-- labeled one, two, and three.
Seems appropriate. Rooney HITS THE NUMBER ONE BUTTON.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / CITY HALL - DAY

The bush, where Rooney dumped the cardboard box. It's still nestled there, down in the bush. The box has opened, a little. Inside, some metal device, a light on it blinking--

BEEP! A PULSE radiates out of the bag.

And electricity in the entire building SHUTS OFF.

INT. CITY HALL / SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Just as the feed of the NORTH ROAD goes up--

The power in the room SHUTS OFF.

OLDER TECH
What the fuck was that?

INT. ROONEY'S CAR - DAY

Rooney looks in the rearview mirror. She takes a DEEP BREATH IN, lets a DEEP BREATH OUT.

ROONEY
As many shops as you can, then the street, then the woods. They'll follow you. Like lambs to the fucking slaughter.

She laughs a little bit. Then regains her composure.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
Come on now.

Rooney checks her gun, tucks it into the waistband of her pants, and pulls her shirt down over it. She gets out of the car and strolls towards the--

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Ding! The door opens. We push through it after Rooney.

Behind the counter, the same CLERK as before.

Rooney walks to a drink cooler and gets out a blue PowerAde. She walks to the counter and sets the drink down. The clerk looks up at her, smiles-- then falters.

CLERK
Will that be all today, sweetheart?

ROONEY
Actually. A pack of Marlboro Lights would be... just great.

The clerk turns to the shelf behind her.

CLERK
It must have been a long drive.

ROONEY
Sorry?

CLERK
The main road is closed for avalanche conditions. You must have come up from the East, the mountain road?

ROONEY
Of course.

The Marlboro Lights are on the next shelf up-- she climbs onto a step-ladder to grab them.

CLERK
Must have been treacherous. Lately we don't get many visitors around here--

Click. The clerk freezes. Turns to look at Rooney. Rooney's gun is out. Finger on the trigger. The clerk goes sheet pale.

CLERK (CONT'D)	ROONEY
Wh-- what--	Shut. The fuck. Up.

The clerk raises her hands in the air.

CLERK
I don't know what you think this is. But you don't want to make a mistake you'll never be able to take back. I have grandchildren.

ROONEY
Look. Look here. I'm gonna blow your brains out one way or another. So is there anything you want to say?

Beat. And the fear on the clerk's face DROPS AWAY.

CLERK
I don't know what you think you'll achieve here, but you'll never stop us.

ROONEY
That's what I th--

The clerk DIVES to the ground. Rooney FIRES her gun-- too slow. The bullet passes through the space where the clerk WAS seconds ago. The glass display behind her SHATTERS.

Rooney leans over the counter. *The clerk is on her back with a shotgun.* She GRINS. Rooney REELS backwards. The shotgun BLASTS a hole in the ceiling. Plaster rains down.

Rooney stands still in the center of the shop. Gun out. Watching the counter. Waiting for the woman to reappear. *She doesn't.*

BEHIND THE COUNTER -- The woman crawls along the ground. She FLIPS OPEN a *hidden wooden panel* at the base of the counter-- a red button contained beneath it. *She reaches for the button.*

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Hey.

The clerk looks up. Rooney stands above her, pistol drawn.

CLERK

Please don't--

Rooney SHOOTS. Then kneels down. She looks at the red button. Flips the panel covering it closed. And gets to her feet.

QUICK CUTS -- As Rooney PULLS the Clerk's body into the back room and uses paper towels and Clorox to wipe up the blood.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Rooney strolls OUT of the convenience store. Standing by the door, Rooney lights a cigarette. She takes a LONG DRAG IN, exhales, then tosses the cigarette to the ground.

She walks back to her car, drives out of the parking lot--

EXT. SUNNYVALE - DAY

And drives twenty feet before turning into the next lot over--

EXT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

A greasy, delicious looking burger joint. All the blinds are pulled shut-- can't see in from the outside.

Rooney walks towards the front door. A cutesy sign on the door reads "BACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!" followed by a smiling cartoon of a clock. Rooney walks inside.

INT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

SIX PATRONS eat burgers at the 1950s style booths. A CUTE HOSTESS (22) stands by the door, wearing an old-school uniform.

TWO WAITRESSES mill about. In the kitchen, FIVE FRY COOKS. We recognize them, this group, from the funeral.

Every one of them looks up as Rooney enters. All cold.

Except for the hostess girl, who is cute and sweet.

HOSTESS

I'm sorry, miss, we're actually
closed at the moment.

Rooney draws her gun. The HOSTESS GIRL DRAWS A GUN from a holster behind her apron. Rooney SHOTS her in the head. The PATRONS all leap to their feet, all drawing weapons.

Rooney THROWS A GRENADE towards the booths. It DETONATES. Patrons are consumed in a fireball. Others fall to the floor.

A WAITRESS (50) *leaps* towards Rooney, foot extended in a flying kick. Rooney SHOTS HER in the heart-- her body continues through the air, KNOCKING ROONEY TO THE GROUND.

The cook staff shoots from the kitchen. Rooney lies under the waitress's body. She takes aim. Shoots three people.

She throws the waitress's body off of her, scrambles back up against the counter behind which lies the kitchen, and rolls another SMOKE GRENADE across the floor. Smoke fills the air.

Rooney points her gun UP. A COOK jumps over the counter. She SHOTS HIM as he passes overhead. The bullet hits him in the dick. He falls to the ground. She shoots him in the face.

Another grenade towards the booth section. ANOTHER smoke grenade back into the kitchen.

Rooney LEAPS off the ground, rolls over the counter, and lands in the KITCHEN. A MEAT CLEAVER hangs from a magnetic knife block. She grabs it, stands, and strolls through the smoke.

A sound behind her--

She turns, SWINGS the cleaver. It sticks into a COOK'S head. She turns and SWINGS the cleaver again--

Taking a fry cook's arm off. The severed arm, GUN CLUTCHED IN ITS HAND, hits the ground. The gun GOES OFF--

And the bullet HITS the third remaining fry cook, across the kitchen, in the chest. He STUMBLES BACKWARDS into the stove, grabs a pot to steady himself, FALLS, pulling the pot over, DUMPING BOILING OIL ONTO HIS FACE. His face melts off.

Rooney SWINGS the cleaver at the one-armed fry cook, taking him in the side of the neck. He falls dead.

Rooney grabs his gun, checks it, turns back towards the main part of the restaurant. Through the smoke, *three shadows*.

BAM! BAM! BAMBAMBAM! All three shadows fall to the ground. Rooney pushes through the door into the main restaurant--

And the HOSTESS, *half her face destroyed by the bullet that ripped through it*, runs towards Rooney, knife in her hand.

She SWINGS THE KNIFE. Rooney holds up her left hand defensively and the knife CUTS OFF HER PINKIE FINGER.

Rooney PUNCHES THE GIRL with her right gun-holding hand. The gun barrel rams into the girl's ear. BAM!

Rooney looks at her severed pinkie, runs BACK to the kitchen--

To the pot of oil that now lies on the ground-- and PRESSES THE PINKIE STUMP TO THE METAL, cauterizing it.

ROONEY
AHHHHH!!! FUCK!

She grabs the FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the wall, marches across the restaurant, and EXTINGUISHES the booths.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - MINUTES LATER

Rooney walks calmly out of the burger joint. No passerby. Good. She gets back in her car.

From the outside, the burger joint looks remarkably intact given what just happened inside.

EXT. CONCRETE BUILDING / PARKING LOT - DAY

Rooney drives for half a block and pulls into the back lot of the concrete building next door.

A *SMALL PATCH OF TREES*. She drives INTO IT, foliage all around.

IN THE CAR-- Rooney tucks four handguns into the waistband of her pants. She clips grenades to her belt. Slides a knife into her sock and slides another knife through a belt loop.

Rooney gets out of the car and moves towards the building.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Whistling, PINE enters the convenience store. He grabs a Gatorade from a cooler, walks to the counter, sets it down.

PINE

Mabel?

No response. Pine leans over the counter and looks down. The floor behind the counter is clean. Shiny. Pine walks around the counter. He bends down. He sniffs the floor. Hmm.

INT. CONCRETE BUILDING - DAY

The building Rooney just ducked into.

It's a fucking bowling alley. Rooney stands on the obnoxiously bright carpet and looks around.

EIGHTIES ROCK MUSIC BLARES. GROUPS OF MEN AND WOMEN BOWL.

TWO TWENTY-SOMETHINGS work behind the counter. Well, "work"--they're making out. Feeling each other up and down.

We PUSH IN on their making out faces, so close all we see is lips smacking and all we hear is spittle flying.

It's pretty gross. OR hot, maybe you love extreme close-ups of young lips devouring each other in cringe-worthy detail. Like, maybe that's your thing. Who am I to judge--

ROONEY (O.S.)

Hey.

The kids separate, see Rooney, REACH FOR THEIR WEAPONS--

BANG! Bullet between the girl's eyes.

BOY

JENNA--

BANG! Bullet in this dude's head. The girl still stumbles around, like she hasn't realized she's dead yet.

ONE BY ONE, the bowling alley customers look up at Rooney. One dude DROPS HIS BALL as he sees her-- it rolls limply into the gutter and becomes stuck there.

The girl finally COLLAPSES, her head smashing into a KEYBOARD as she goes down--

Activating the rave function of the bowling alley. The normal lights shut off, replaced by FLASHING STROBES.

The song switches to-- *"Josie's on a vacation far away. Come around and talk it over."*

REDLIGHTSANDBLUELIGHTSANDBLUEANDGREENYELLOWTHEDISCOBALLSTWIRL--

Guns coming out. Rooney's already gone. As the first bullets tear towards her, she dives behind a rack of bowling balls.

A MAN WITH AN EYEPATCH draws his gun and walks towards the rack of balls. He looks behind it--

Rooney's NEXT TO HIM. *Bam!* Bullet in the head.

"So many things that I want to say. You know I like my girls a little bit older."

TWO MEN approach a rack of balls, closing in from either side. Rooney uppercuts one with a knife, stabbing him under the chin.

She holds him like that, knife in him like a ventriloquist with its hand up a puppet's ass.

Rooney SPINS the puppet man around. The other guy SHOOTs-- his bullet hits this already dead dude in the back of the head.

Rooney drops the puppet man, DIVES at the second dude like a monkey, and stabs him in the heart over and over.

An OVERWEIGHT MAN runs towards her. He BARRELS INTO HER, knocking her back onto the WAXED LANE.

They SLIDE until they're halfway down the lane. The dude CHOKES Rooney. She knees him in the dick, scrambles to her feet--

And is GRABBED from behind by a WOMAN. Rooney SNAPS FORWARDS, flipping the woman over her head. Rooney grabs her head and SLAMS IT INTO THE FLOOR.

The fat dude rushes her from behind. She SLIDES HER FINGERS into the ball stuck in the gutter. She SWINGS IT--

And caves in the side of the fat guy's face.

"I just want to use your love tonight. I don't want to lose your love, tonight."

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EVENING

Pine stands outside and looks around. His eyes land on the burger joint, the only other shop in sight, a block down.

All quiet. So quiet. Birds chirp in the crisp mountain air.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - EVENING

Pine walks to a side window and does his best to peer through the blinds. He can JUST make out the inside of the shop--

A body slumped dead across a table. Alright then.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

BEHIND THE COUNTER, the two teens lie dead as can be. Then--

One of girl's hands TWITCHES-- and she OPENS HER EYES. She GASPS for breath and pulls herself towards the base of the counter. She FLIPS OPEN a hidden panel--

Revealing a RED BUTTON, like the one in the convenience store. She reaches for it-- and, as she dies-- HITS IT.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

Rooney walks across the parking lot towards her car. *As she walks, a LOW ALARM begins to sound, seemingly from everywhere, growing louder and louder.*

Rooney turns in a circle, looking for the source of it. BIRDS take off from the ground all around her.

A MAILMAN walking the other way sees Rooney, blood-covered, and FLIES INTO ACTION. Both hands PLUNGE into his mail bag.

BANG, Rooney puts two bullets in his chest. He falls back, packages and letters flying out of his bag.

Rooney breathes fast now, on the verge of losing her cool for the first time. She runs towards her car. She bends down, looks at her reflection in the window.

ROONEY

They're coming. Now the street,
then the woods. Come on.

She SLAPS herself again and moves to the trunk.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 53**INT. SUNNYVALE / CITY HALL / CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING**

Fingers roll across a desk. They belong to the Mayor, at the HEAD of a conference table. OTHER PEOPLE around the table. Lights in the room still off.

They all speak English-- though the strength of their German accents varies on a case by case basis.

A COUNCILWOMAN (40s) talks. We don't hear her words. Nor does the Mayor, he's not listening, but slowly they become audible--

COUNCILWOMAN
...keep passing through-- MAYOR
MULLER. Are you listening?

We hear him talk for the first time-- an unhinged looniness in his eyes, an edge to his voice.

THE MAYOR
I'm sorry. What the fuck did you say?

COUNCILWOMAN
Twenty-seven people this year have driven through, from the back road. More than last year. If we don't do more to deter people--

THE MAYOR
What are we gonna do? Blow up the highway? Or do you think, maybe, we can manage to keep up appearances, considering that the whole fucking point of this town is to keep up appearances? And in the meantime maybe try to get the fucking power back on?

COUNCILWOMAN	THE MAYOR
The... loss of your daughter	
was--	WAS WHAT? You fucking cunt?

COUNCILWOMAN
You can't talk to me that--

The Mayor throws his chair to the floor behind him, rises to his feet, pulls a gun and trains it on the Councilwoman's head-- all in one fluid motion.

THE MAYOR
What were you saying?

COUNCILWOMAN
You lunatic. You're gonna shoot me? In front of all these people?

THE MAYOR
I haven't decided yet.

He looks around at the other Council members.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
Does anybody see this? This gun that
I'm not holding, not in my hand?
Think about where you want yourselves
and your family members sent on
assignment before you answer.

THE LOW HUM OF THE ALARM reaches their ears. They freeze.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
Somebody tell me this is a drill?
FUCK. Lock down the school.
(beat)
Make sure Eve is protected.

INT. PINE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Pine walks through the living room, loading a pistol. THE LOW SOUND OF THE ALARM reaches him. He goes to the window.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A normal looking SCHOOL BUILDING sits in lower Sunnyvale. THE LOW ALARM hits this part of town-- still growing louder.

INT. SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - DAY

A MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASS. Fourteen-year-olds chatting, restless, loading books into bags. They hear the alarm and look around.

INT. SCHOOL / GYMNASIUM - DAY

SIX AND SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS stand in a cluster in the gym.

JOUSTING WEAPONS discarded on the ground next to them. EVE stands amongst the kids, wearing a RED BOW in her hair. The GYM TEACHER (40s) stands before them.

GYM TEACHER
Okay, that bell's gonna ring any
second, but remember for next time--

THE HUM OF THE ALARM reaches their ears. The kids GROAN. The gym teacher looks around, concerned.

GYM TEACHER (CONT'D)
Hold on, don't worry, it's probably
just a drill.

The door BURSTS open. Another MAN (30s) runs through-- motions for the gym teacher to come with him. Eve watches with worry as the gym teacher jogs off.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

QUICK CUTS OF -- DOORS slamming shut. LOCKS clicking. Kids of various ages file from the hall BACK into classrooms.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - EVENING

SERIES OF SHOTS -- Of people AROUND SUNNYVALE running to their vehicles, getting in.

AERIAL VIEW OF SUNNYVALE -- A CONVOY OF CARS, about thirty in all, heads through town-- heading TOWARDS the bowling alley.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

Rooney throws open the trunk of her car and pulls out a tripod, a gun turret, she screws them together.

We CUT BACK AND FORTH a few times. The cars getting closer. Rooney assembling her weapon. The cars winding down a hill.

Rooney FINISHES assembling the weapon, a *machine gun turret* screwed onto a swivel platform nestled on top of a tripod--

She RUNS to the middle of the road, sets it down, and RUNS BACK towards her car hidden in the trees.

AS THE CARS RACE AROUND THE CORNER-- AND TEAR DOWN THE STREET--

Rooney reaches into her pocket. She pulls the KEY FOB and HITS THE NUMBER TWO BUTTON.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREET - EVENING

The first street where Rooney parked in front of the storm drain. DOWN IN THE STORM DRAIN-- a red light BLINKS-- BLINKS--

A COUPLE walks down the street, holding hands. BOOM! The street beneath them EXPLODES. They're THROWN by the blast.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREET - EVENING

THE SECOND STREET where Rooney parked. A car drives down it. The street EXPLODES. The car PLUMMETS into the resulting hole.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREET - EVENING

BOOM! The street UNDERNEATH THE CONVOY OF CARS explodes-- five cars PLUNGE into the massive pothole.

The others SWERVE around the hole. Some hurry to TURN AROUND. As the front of the line of cars BEARS DOWN on the gun turret--

ROONEY hits THE THIRD BUTTON on the key fob, and--

Bullets RIP out of the machine gun turret as it SWINGS BACK AND FORTH spraying bullets across the width of the street.

THE FIRST CAR -- A bullet hits the driver IN THE THROAT.

His car SWERVES, SLAMS into a mailbox. He flies OUT OF IT, lands face first on the ground and SLIDES, leaving a sludgy red trail behind him. We recognize one of the buildings on the SIDE of this street--

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING / SECOND STORY - EVENING

It's the ABANDONED BUILDING Rooney was in earlier. A SECOND GUN TURRET is stationed just inside the window. IT STARTS TO FIRE, bullets BLASTING through the concrete wall and RAINING DOWN on the street below.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREET - EVENING

The cars take fire from the two turrets--

And from A THIRD TURRET on the second story of ANOTHER BUILDING on the other side of the street.

THE NEXT THREE CARS IN LINE drive side by side. BAM, the face of the driver in the middle car explodes. His car FISHTAILS, BUMPING into the two cars to either side, which SPLAY OUT--

And the SIX CARS behind them SLAM INTO THEM at full force.

ON A CAR as it slams FULL FORCE into a car in front of it. The driver, a YOUNG WOMAN, FLIES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD and flies through the air like a puppet.

She lands in a sprawl ON THE TURRET. PFT! PFT! PFT! It blasts a HOLE in her stomach. It pivots her body like a mannequin until the bullets CUT HER IN HALF. She falls in two pieces.

The twenty cars behind the initial onslaught try to turn. But the bullets are still COMING AT THEM--

BOOM! A car EXPLODES. BOOM! The street is SLICED with thick rivers of blood.

BOOM! BOOM! Two more cars EXPLODE, the whole wreck ON FIRE.

PFTPFPTPFT-- Seven more running people pumped with bullets.

STANDING ON THE HILL ABOVE THE CARNAGE -- Townspeople look down on the massacre. They draw their guns.

They split, moving in different directions, around the massacre and down the hill. ROONEY runs back to her car.

She throws open the door, jumps in, and is already backing out of the patch of trees before her door is closed.

The gun turret stops spitting bullets.

ROONEY

Step three.

Vroooooommm that's the sound Rooney's car makes as she drives towards the FOREST on the other side of the street.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 102

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

Rooney drives through the woods, plowing over baby trees. The trees around her getting thicker and thicker.

Can't drive any further through them so she STOPS. Reaches into the backseat, grabs her BACKPACK.

She loads weapons into the pack. *As she does*, she glimpses the broken music box, nestled safely at the bottom of the bag. A couple tears roll out of her eyes.

ROONEY

Not *fucking* yet.

Rooney wipes them away and gets out of her car. She grabs whatever she can, leaves, dirt, she throws them over her car, hiding it from view. Then stands back and looks at it--

GOOD ENOUGH. *A low rumbling in the distance--*

EXT. FOREST'S EDGE - EVENING

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE pour into the forest on foot. All loaded up, armed with guns, people of all different colors, creeds. PINE is among them. He holds a CELL PHONE to his ear.

PINE
Sweetie, it's--

INT. SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - EVENING

EVE now sits at a desk in one of the classrooms, phone to her ear. The kids around her chattering excitedly.

EVE
I'm scared. Are-- are people here
to hurt us?

PINE - PHONE
*It's gonna be fine, baby. I'll see
you real soon.*

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

ROONEY stands with her eyes closed. She lets a deep breath out. Then JUMPS UP and GRABS ON to a tree branch extending above her. She hoists herself up onto it. She's gone.

INT. CITY HALL / MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Mayor slumps back in his chair. His guard, Prosthetic Nose, stands before him.

THE MAYOR
Forty-five fucking people dead?

PROSTHETIC NOSE
In the street alone. More in the
downtown, they just-- tore their
way through it, the gas station,
Dan's Burgers--

THE MAYOR
They? Somebody had eyes on them?

PROSTHETIC NOSE
The only one who's actually been
seen is a woman. Young, brown hair--

The Mayor laughs, too loud, too long, lunacy in it.

PROSTHETIC NOSE (CONT'D)
Sir?

The Mayor kicks up his feet and spins two full circles in his office chair before planting his feet back on the ground.

THE MAYOR

The guards, on the edge of town,
they're dead, too?

PROSTHETIC NOSE

On the way in--

THE MAYOR

I know who it is. She came. And she
came alone. The woman who killed my
daughter. Where is she?

PROSTHETIC NOSE

She went into the forest on foot,
across from the bowling alley. We're
after her now. It's just a matter of
time.

THE MAYOR

Good.

EXT. HIGHWAY / WEST SIDE - NIGHT

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS establish a blockade on the road Rooney
came in on, moving signs and SANDBAGS into place, parking
cars lengthwise across the road for good measure.

Ten men stand on the Sunnyvale side of the blockade. Waiting.

THE MAYOR (V.O.)

Close the town, eradicate the problem.

EXT. HIGHWAY / EAST SIDE - NIGHT

The same happens on the road leading out of town on the other
side-- the road stretching between TWO TOWERING CLIFF WALLS.

INT. CITY HALL / MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

THE MAYOR

She's one woman. We're a town of
assassins. How much damage can she do?

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The full moon above gives us just enough light to see by.
This whole sequence should be set to classical music.

LONG SERIES OF SHOTS. SERIES OF TOO MANY SHOTS.

-- People comb through the forest.

-- Rooney crawls along a TREE BRANCH. A WOMAN walks directly below her. Rooney puts a bullet into the top of her head.

-- Rooney swings from one branch to another. She's a fucking monkey, the way she moves through these trees.

-- Three men walk. A *branch CRACKS behind them*. They WHIRL around. Bullets fly through all their dumbshit faces.

-- QUICK CUTS of Rooney putting bullets in

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

peoples' heads from above.

-- QUICK CUTS of Rooney slitting

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

peoples' throats from behind.

-- QUICK CUTS of Rooney blowing

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

groups of people apart with grenades.

-- Rooney wipes blood off her face.

-- Rooney crouches with her hands on her knees, breathing heavily, PANTING. *Slowing down*.

She JOLTS. Looks up. THROWS HERSELF TO THE GROUND as a bullet slams into the trunk of the tree she was standing in front of.

Rooney runs behind a row of trees. She peeks out from behind one-- sees a LARGE MAN walking through the woods, gun drawn, back to her. She draws her gun-- aims-- SHOTS--

It CLICKS empty. The man hears it, starts to turn around.

Rooney draws a knife and SPRINTS towards the man. As he sees her she JUMPS TOWARDS HIM.

He throws her to the ground and falls on top of her. She struggles beneath him. He draws his gun, HITS HER across the face with it, then aims it at her face, and--

BANG! The man clutches his arm and FALLS OFF of Rooney. She looks up to see--

PINE. Standing there with a gun in hand-- *he saved her*.

Beat. Then the large guy on the ground LURCHES UP--

Rooney dives towards him and stabs him in the throat. The dude falls back, dead.

A friendly reminder that when Pine speaks, it's in a THICK Southern accent. Unreasonably, unconscionably thick.

Breathing heavily, Pine looks at Rooney for a long time. The look in his eyes, it's hard to tell if he's gonna kill her, or--

PINE

Follow me. Or you're dead. You're probably dead anyway but--

He extends a hand to her. She just looks at it. Then TAKES IT. Pine pulls Rooney to her feet.

ROONEY

If you're gonna kill me. Do it now.

Pine says nothing. *Rustling* elsewhere in the trees.

PINE

We have to move.

Pine jogs off, moving back in the direction of town. Rooney hesitates. Pine looks back at her.

PINE (CONT'D)

You'd be stupid. Not to follow me.

Rooney still doesn't move. Pine shakes his head, runs towards town. Rooney waits a beat, then runs after him.

He glances at her to confirm her presence, says nothing.

ROONEY

I need a gun.

PINE

You don't have enough?

ROONEY

Fine, I need ammunit--

Without looking back, he thrusts a gun at her. She grabs it. Pine continues on, moving ahead of her. IMMEDIATELY, she TAKES AIM at the back of his head.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Okay, stop. I'm not going further until you tell me why you're not trying to kill me.

Pine turns back to face her.

PINE

Do you know how many people are in these woods? Do you really think this is a break we can afford to take?

ROONEY

Then you know I've killed a lot of you already.

PINE

Yeah. You have.

ROONEY

You're from here. You're one of them.

PINE

Not for long.

ROONEY

You want out?

PINE

For a long time. Not just for myself. When the alarm goes off, they lock down the school. It's protocol, keep all the kiddos safe until the danger's cleared. One of the kid's in that school-- she's my daughter. Eve. I can't raise her in this. I can't raise her to kill, while everyone she loves is dying all around her. You seem like the best bet in a while to make a clean break.

(beat)

I'll help you get to the Mayor. Help you kill him. If you help me get her out safe. Yeah?

For a moment, Rooney looks at Pine. Debating. Then she WINCES.

ROONEY

Adrenaline's wearing off.

PINE

Somebody get you?

ROONEY

A couple nicks. Nothing I can't--

She winces again.

PINE

Come on.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 205**EXT. FOREST - LATER**

Rooney and Pine crouch in a little clearing, a safe wall of foliage protecting them from view. Moonlight shining down.

Rooney holds up her hand-- shows Pine the STAB WOUND. He can almost see clean through it.

PINE

Not great.

ROONEY

Yeah, *that's* not great.

PINE

There's more?

(off her hesitation)

Listen. I don't much like it either.

But we're gonna have to trust each other here, aren't we?

Rooney relents-- then takes off her shirt. A NASTY GASH in her side oozes blood.

THE BULLET WOUND in her shoulder also doesn't look so hot. Various other dips and dots mark her torso. Rooney pulls a small FIRST AID KIT from her backpack, tosses it to Pine.

Pine wraps a bandage around Rooney's shoulder. His eyes flick down, ever so quickly-- Rooney catches it.

ROONEY

Fucking-- stop it.

PINE

Stop what?

ROONEY

Don't look at my tits.

Pine SCOFFS.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

What?

PINE

"Don't look at my tits." I have *no* interest in lookin' at your tits, and I resent the implication. First of all, you're a little old for me--

ROONEY
I'm thirty! How old are you?

PINE
Twenty-four.

ROONEY
Oh, Jesus Christ.

PINE (CONT'D)
Second, they're covered in blood, oh, yeah, *that's* real hot, that's what you want, bloody tits.

Pine examines the gash in Rooney's side-- she WINCES.

PINE (CONT'D)
Why is that the taboo, though, you know what I mean? Tits, they're just there, on the outside of the body, there's nothing unnatural about tits. Your fucking *insides* are spilling out on my hands, isn't it more fucked up that I have to see *that* shit? "Don't look at my tits." How about "don't look at my blood," motherfucker.

ROONEY
Are you workshopping that for a standup routine, or--

PINE
Come on. Put your shirt back on. "Don't look at my tits."

EXT. FOREST'S EDGE - NIGHT

Rooney and Pine peek through the edge of the forest. GUARDS stand in the street-- one every ten feet or so.

ROONEY
Any of these friends of yours, or--

PINE
Do what you must.

Rooney fishes into her backpack, pulls out one of the last weapons in there-- a grenade. She looks at Pine, and--

EXT. SUNNYVALE / RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

PINE AND ROONEY rush into frame, spattered with fresh blood.

ROONEY
That was close.

PINE
Come on.

They run across another street, moving deeper into the residential section of Sunnyvale.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 211

INT. PINE'S HOUSE - LATER

Pine and Rooney enter through the back door. Pine turns, leans against the door, and looks at Rooney.

PINE
Alright. What's your plan?

ROONEY
Kill as many people as I can, so
they can't reform somewhere else,
everyone except the kids. Then blow
your Mayor's brains out.

As she talks, she fishes the SCHEMATIC of the town out of her backpack and unrolls it onto the table before them.

He looks down at it, spattered with blood. She points to illustrate her path thus far as she talks.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
This was the idea. Start the assault.
Lure them to the woods. Then double
back once the panic had started.

She taps the schematic.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
This is next.

PINE
That's fucking crazy.

ROONEY
But do you think it'll work?

PINE
It might. Come on. I'll show you the
stockpile.

MOMENTS LATER -- Rooney and Pine walk into the living room. She passes the mantle-- glances at the displayed photographs. Freezes on one of them.

INSERT -- It's Pine and Katie, arms around one another, smiling. PINE stands over her shoulder.

ROONEY

She's pretty.

PINE

She was. Sidewalk didnt' help.

Realizing, Rooney SPINS to face him. In one hand, he holds a knife. In the other, a sharpening block. He slides the blade of the knife across it. Rooney reaches for her gun.

PINE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa!

He looks down at his knife.

PINE (CONT'D)

Shit. Suppose that looked kind of menacing. Sorry. It's alright. I mean, it ain't *alright*. When I first heard she was dead... I told myself I'd find whoever did it. And kill them. Painfully. Then I started thinking about it.

He slides the knife across the sharpening block once more.

PINE (CONT'D)

Thinking about who *really* killed her. It wasn't you. You was just doin' your job. It's this town. This... legacy of violence. That, I thought-- that's what I'd really like to kill.

ROONEY

If she's your wife... Then you're his son-in-law. Which means your daughter is--

PINE

Next in line to take over, if the town survives. Now you get why I gotta get her out?

(beat)

Come on, take a look.

They continue into the living room. On the carpet, an ENORMOUS STOCKPILE OF WEAPONRY. Grenades, machine guns, handguns, and a fucking ROCKET LAUNCHER.

ROONEY

How about we give this town a wake-up call? But first I have to pee.

INT. PINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pine and Rooney stand in front of a door in Pine's home.

PINE

Do you know why I got a Southern accent? I taught myself it when I was six, cause I wanted to be Bo.

ROONEY

You wanted to beebo?

PINE

To be Bo Duke. From *the Dukes of Hazard*. And you know what those good old boys were known for, right?

ROONEY

Cars?

PINE

Cars. I been planning my getaway from this place for about as long as I been talking this way. With regards to both, too long to look back. So yeah. What I got in here is gonna do the trick *just fine*. You also never asked what my job is. When I'm here.

ROONEY

What's your--

PINE (CONT'D)

I'm a mechanic. Take a look.

INT. PINE'S HOUSE / GARAGE - NIGHT

They step into the garage. Pine's car should do the trick.
It's a 1978 neon blue Plymouth Fury and it's dope as shit.

PINE

1978 Plymouth Fury, with bulletproof windows and room for a shitload of weaponry inside.

ROONEY

No bulletproof tires?

PINE

Not *bulletproof*, that don't really exist, but got pneumatic inserts in there so they can take a shot or two.

ROONEY

I was joking, but cool.

Rooney and Pine load the stockpile of weapons into the passenger seat. Pine gets into the driver's seat. Rooney rides in the back. He puts the car into gear.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

Pine's garage door creeps silently open. The Plymouth Fury rolls out of the garage and turns onto the street.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CAR AND THE SURROUNDING STREETS.

The car rolls down the street at twenty-five miles an hour. Rooney, in the back, holds the ROCKET LAUNCHER on her lap.

Rooney looks at Pine. Pine looks at Rooney. NODS. Rooney rolls down her window and extends the rocket launcher out of it, balancing it on her shoulder and the lip of the window.

PINE

Firing that thing can be a bitch. Make sure you don't burn your face off.

ROONEY

Yeah, I'll try.

As they roll past a particularly large house, she FIRES.

The rocket BLASTS out of the launcher (the launcher KICKS like a motherfucker, but she's got it) and flies towards the house. It SMASHES through a window--

And the house EXPLODES. Pine SLAMS on the gas. The car TEARS towards an intersection-- TEARS around a corner-- And SPEEDS OFF down the next straightaway.

Rooney fishes around on the floor. She grabs another projectile and laboriously SLOTS IT into the launcher.

AGAIN-- Rooney takes aim. Waits until they pass a LARGE HOUSE and-- FIRES the rocket launcher out the window.

BOOM! The house EXPLODES, wood paneling blasting outwards. SIRENS start to blare in the background.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

You guys have fire trucks?

PINE

Assassins still need public SAFETY--

He says this as he BARRELS around another corner and takes off down ANOTHER STRAIGHTAWAY of residential housing. Rooney takes aim-- FIRES the rocket launcher.

BOOM! A third house explodes.

They tear off down ANOTHER STRAIGHTAWAY. Pine expertly slides backwards into a PARALLEL PARK on the curb.

ROONEY	PINE (CONT'D)
What are we--	Get DOWN--

Pine RECLINES his seat flat backwards. Rooney lies flat in the back, holding the rocket launcher on her chest--

Two fire trucks FLY PAST, heading towards the fires.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / RESIDENTIAL SECTION - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOT of the residential section of Sunnyvale.

THREE FIRES burn on separate blocks. Firemen try to douse the flames. People POUR out of their homes into the street.

THE FIRST FIRE has spread to the houses on either side. A BURNING WOMAN runs out of one, collapses dead into the yard.

THE SECOND FIRE -- Same situation here, the FIREMEN douse the house with water, even as the flames are spreading.

THE THIRD FIRE -- A woman throws herself out the window.

ON PINE AND ROONEY, in their car. They nod at one another. Pine throws the car into gear, and they TAKE OFF.

QUICK CUTS OF-- Rooney FIRING the launcher THREE MORE TIMES. Three more houses EXPLODING.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 228

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Behind CITY HALL, a MASSIVE MANSION stands. SECURITY GUARDS stationed all around. Every ten feet, and more on the roof.

INT. MANSION / BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE, TOO CLOSE on the STRAINED, SWEATY FACE of the Mayor. Looking straight down the barrel of the camera.

THE MAYOR
You bitch.

His face DESCENDS out of frame-- then RISES back into frame. Every muscle in his face tense.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
You fucking bitch.

WIDER TO REVEAL -- The Mayor does ONE-ARMED PULL-UPS on an EXERCISE BAR installed in front of a mirror.

He's bare-assed naked. We're graced this view from behind, but can more or less make out the reason these pull-ups are one armed-- he's using the other arm to JERK OFF as he looks at himself in the mirror.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
You slut. You think you can come to my town and destroy what I've built? You fucking--

The door bursts open. Prosthetic Nose runs into the room.

PROSTHETIC NOSE
Sir.

The Mayor turns and looks at him, chin elevated over the bar.

THE MAYOR
What?

Then he sees it-- the sky BURNING ORANGE outside the window.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Sirens fainter in the background now, the police and ambulances, such as they are, also heading towards the residential area--

As the Plymouth Fury BARRELS through the DOWNTOWN. Rooney leans out the window with the rocket launcher.

BOOM! A bookstore EXPLODES. Paper fire rains down.

BOOM! A VIDEO STORE (these motherfuckers still watch DVDs?) EXPLODES. Disc fragments rain down into the street. Reload.

BOOOOM! A car dealership EXPLODES-- and all the cars in it EXPLODE TOO, BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!!!

FIVE PEDESTRIANS appear from around a corner, shoot at the car.

Rooney DUCKS back into the window, grabs a MACHINE GUN off the floor of the car, sticks the barrel out the window--

And CUTS DOWN the five pedestrians. TEN MORE pop out on the other side of the street. One of the tires POPS, but the car keeps rolling, and the bullets PING off the bulletproof drivers' side window.

PINE
You ready?

ROONEY
Wha--

Pine SPINS the car around. Rooney DUCKS BACK out of sight and shoots blindly out the passenger window--

MOWING DOWN the ten pedestrians, their blood painting a tapestry on the pavement behind them. The car SPINS AGAIN and takes off back in the same direction.

PINE
Calm your bloody tits.

ROONEY
I assure you. They're calm.

Pine TEARS AROUND A CORNER. Cars SPEED TOWARDS THEM from that direction. They BARREL AROUND another corner. CARS UP AHEAD too. They're CLOSING IN.

PINE
I can outrun them! I'll have to ditch the car somewhere, jump in a new one, I can do it faster without you! You were serious? About killing as many people as possible?

ROONEY
Except the kids.

PINE
That's what I thought, HOLD ON--

Pine veers OFF THE ROAD, speeds down a GRASSY HILL, lands on the road down below and continues towards a BIG UGLY BUILDING. The car SCREECHES to a stop in front of it.

PINE (CONT'D)
I'll pick you up on the other side in ten minutes. You'll be fine. Remember, they're no better-- they used to do it, too.

ROONEY
Why, this building, what is it?

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 243

EXT. BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Rooney SPRINTS towards the building as Pine TEARS OFF. CHAINS bind the front door shut. Rooney raises her gun and SHOOTS the lock. It springs open.

INT. BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Rooney, gun in hand, steps through the door. *She's greeted by the sound of music that is diegetic AF.*

"Ba ba ba ba Barbara Ann."

Oh, shit. Rooney looks around. Takes in her surroundings.

A bona fide sea of wrinkled knees and liver spotted skin. It's only, maybe, five AM-- but everyone in this room is already awake. Awake and doing puzzles. Of course they are.

It's the town's old people home.

"Ba ba ba ba Barbara Ann. Take my hand..."

The main recreation area. TWO HUNDRED OLD PEOPLE sit around playing cards, doing calisthenics, and listening to their old people music.

One by one, all these former assassins turn to look at Rooney.

OLD WOMAN

She's the one! GET HER!

"You've got me rockin' and a-rollin,' rockin' and a-reelin,' Barbara Ann, ba ba ba ba Barbara Ann."

And Rooney's already going.

"Went to a dance, looking for romance--"

The old people descend on Rooney. She fires off THREE SHOTS.

POP! The young janitor's head EXPLODES. POP! The young nurse's head EXPLODES. POP! The doctor's head EXPLODES. Now it's Rooney and the old people-- and they're closing in from all sides.

"Saw Barbara Ann, so I thought I'd take a chance--"

BANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANG--

She squeezes off EIGHT SHOTS, blasting holes into eight eighty-year-old heads. Dentures and blood GO FLYING.

Then the old people are upon her. They form a cautious ring, coming at her a few at a time.

"Barbara Ann, take my hand..."

Rooney gun-punches a woman in the mouth, blows her brains out*.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Pine speeds through the streets, cars tearing after him. The odometer creeps up over 100.

INT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME - EARLY MORNING

Rooney PUNCHES an old woman in the face.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

STOP!!!

And the old people STOP FIGHTING, stepping back. Rooney keeps shooting though, she spins in a circle firing her machine gun, blowing holes in like eighteen octogenarians in one go--

OLD MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

STOP THIS, YOU CUNT!

And Rooney DOES stop as she sees the source of the voice--

THE CREEPY OLD MAN from the funeral. NUN-CHUCKS hanging by his side. A YELLOW SMILEY-FACE on each handle.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You fucking whore. You think you can just walk in here and kill us? Do you know how many people I've killed? Men, children, you think I've never killed a woman before? You think I'll cower to some bitch? Come on. Have some honor. Throw down your gun and face me like a man, one on one, hand to hand, not like the pussy you are.

He twirls his nun-chucks expertly above his head. He does a BACKFLIP, spinning the nun-chucks underneath him as he does it. It's hardcore, especially given how old he is.

He lands, breathing hard. He takes a defensive stance, nun-chucks in hand. Ready for her.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

NOW SHOW ME WHAT YOU--

*Author's Note: I know this is pretty fucked. Not sorry.

Rooney blows his brains out.

He topples to the ground. The other old people are quiet for a second, just kind of looking at her, at each other.

"You've got me rockin' and a-rollin,' rockin' and a reelin--"

And the old people are ON HER AGAIN.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Pine's car rips down a straightaway. Pine BRACES HIMSELF, then CRANKS THE WHEEL.

His car TURNS A CORNER, barrels down a road alongside a HILL.

The other cars behind him haven't made the turn yet-- Pine throws open his door and THROWS HIMSELF out of the car.

He rolls down the hill while his car carries on down the straightaway-- the other cars carrying on after it. He looks regretfully back after his car.

PINE

Bye baby.

INT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME - EARLY MORNING

Rooney ducks. She weaves. She bobs, stabs, spins. She kicks people in their old dicks.

It's like LeBron James versus eight year-olds. The remainder of the old people FALL DEAD. Blood literally two inches thick on the ground. Somebody's dentures floating in it.

This isn't over. Rooney sprints towards the HALLWAY.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - EARLY MORNING

Pine, hunched over, keeping to the shadows of the early morning, runs to an old car and throws open the door.

He tears out the wires under the dash, strips two of the wires and touches them together.

INT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME / HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

A hallway. Rooney looks through the WINDOW of a door. An OLD MAN still asleep in bed. Rooney looks down the hallway--

Lined with probably A HUNDRED ROOMS, many of them presumably still containing sleeping old people. Oh, Jesus. Rooney RELOADS HER GUN-- and KICKS OPEN the first door.

"Ba ba ba ba Barbara Ann--"

Rooney runs back into the hall, veers towards the next door--

"You've got me rockin' and a-rollin,' rockin' and a reelin--"

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME - EARLY MORNING

Pine's newly acquired car idles outside. Rooney, SOAKED head to toe in blood, runs to the passenger side and GETS IN.

INT. PINE'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Pine looks at her knowingly.

ROONEY
You don't have any--

PINE
My parents died years ago.

ROONEY
Thank god.

The car TAKES OFF. MOMENTS LATER, they drive around the front of the building.

PINE
Now blow it up.

ROONEY
But everyone inside is
already--

PINE
Blow it. Up.

Rooney hesitates-- briefly-- then NODS.

MOMENTS LATER -- Rocket launcher BOOM the building EXPLODES, old people guts rain down into the street. And Pine and Rooney are OUT OF THERE.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 485

AERIAL SHOT OF SUNNYVALE-- Much of the town is now on fire.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME - EARLY MORNING / MINUTES LATER

A BALD MAN (50s) runs towards the old people's home. The wreckage comes into view-- flaming bodies and rubble.

BALD MAN
Jesus fuck.

BEHIND HIM -- More people head towards the wreckage.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - EARLY MORNING

Pine and Rooney drive. Rooney's seat is reclined flat.

IN THE CAR -- Pine turns the wheel. The car ROUNDS A CORNER. They see, through the windshield, A MASSIVE CROWD OF PEOPLE. Heading UP the hill, away from them.

ROONEY
They going where I think?

INT. CITY HALL / CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON the Mayor's face as he opens his mouth--

THE MAYOR
FUUUUUUCCCKKK!!!

He sits at the head of the table. The town council, all in various states of dishevelment, sit around the table. Some tears on some faces, all clearly sleep deprived.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
How is this fucking happening?
She's one woman! One! One *woman!*
Huh?! Why aren't you fuckers out
there looking for her?!

COUNCILWOMAN
People are scared--

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
I don't give a fuck, they
kill people for a living, I
think they can--

COUNCILWOMAN
PEOPLE ARE SCARED FOR THEIR CHILDREN--

THE MAYOR
They're safe, they're locked down
in the school, as per procedure--

COUNCILWOMAN
We need to let people leave.

The Mayor stares at her.

THE MAYOR
Leave? Let people leave? Nobody's--

The Mayor freezes-- he hears something-- A DIN of people, yelling, a crowd. He storms out of the room.

EXT. CITY HALL - EARLY MORNING

A CROWD of EIGHT HUNDRED PEOPLE descends on City Hall, yelling, angry. The GUARDS attempt to keep them back.

THE LIGHTS slam on. THE DOORS of a second-floor balcony fly open. THE MAYOR steps out onto the balcony, his guards flanking him, and looks down at the crowd.

A HUSH falls over them.

THE MAYOR
What the fuck is this?

The BALD MAN, in the crowd, steps forwards.

BALD MAN
The fuck is that bitch just blew up
the Good Samaritan home!

THE MAYOR
JESUS CHRIST, ALL OF YOU! WHAT THE
FUCK IS THIS? WHY IS THIS BITCH
STILL ALIVE?! YOU KILL PEOPLE FOR A
LIVING-- KILL HER!

WOMAN
SHE'S GETTING HELP!

THE MAYOR	SHORT WOMAN
FROM--	YOUR FUCKING SON IN LAW!

MORE ENRAGED OUTBURSTS from the crowd.

THE MAYOR	BALD MAN
What the fuck--	They found his car--

THE MAYOR
Did anyone see him, did it occur to
you all that she might have STOLEN his
car, has anybody actually seen him?

BALD MAN
WE NEED TO LEAVE!

AGREEMENT from the crowd--

THE MAYOR
Leave? You need to KILL HER.

BALD MAN
 FUCK THAT. YOU FUCKING LUNATIC, YOU
 CAN'T CONTROL US ANYMORE. IT'S
 DONE, WE'LL REBUILD SOMEWHERE ELSE,
 WITHOUT YOU!

CHEERS of agreement from some in the crowd. Bald Man turns,
 pushes back through the crowd, arms raised--

BALD MAN (CONT'D)
 I'M LEAVING! THROUGH THE EAST ROAD!
 FOLLOW ME!

THE MAYOR
 THE SCHOOL STAYS LOCKED! FOR YOUR
 FUTURE LEADER'S PROTECTION! IF YOU
 LEAVE, IT'S WITHOUT YOUR CHILDREN!

EXT. SUNNYVALE - EARLY MORNING

Pine's car winds its way up a hill.

IN THE CAR -- Rooney lies flat while Pine drives.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - MORNING

Pine and Rooney drive through the UPPER PART of Sunnyvale--
 through the neighborhoods at the *highest elevation point*.

HOUSES dot the road. Pine VEERS RIGHT. The car barrels into--

EXT. SUNNYVALE / BACKYARD - MORNING

--A BACKYARD belonging to a small house.

The backyard is FENCED OFF-- due to the STEEP CLIFF DROPOFF
 on the other side of the fence. Down below that, the lower
 section of Sunnyvale. Rooney and Pine glance at the house.

PINE	ROONEY
There could be people in th--	I'm on it.

Rooney runs THROUGH THE BACK DOOR of the house. Beat. BAM!
 BAM! BAM! Three gunshots from within the house.

Rooney runs out of the house, wipes a smear of blood off of
 her face, and joins Pine at the fence. They look down at the
 town. They have a CLEAR VIEW of it--

The way OUT of Sunnyvale to the East. Two towering cliff
 walls. A mile away. And the narrow road leading between them.

EXT. HIGHWAY / CLIFF SECTION - DAY

The length of road stretching between the cliff walls is about a half mile long.

A MASSIVE CONVOY OF CARS speeds towards the edge of town--
the panicked exodus beginning.

THE FIRST CARS reach this stretch of highway, start to SPEED THROUGH IT between the canyon walls. Not moving very fast, because it's a two-lane highway, one lane coming each way.

But THREE LANES OF CARS now attempt to drive down the highway, utilizing the shoulder-- but threatening to bump each other off the road. They drive with ONE CAR-LENGTH between them.

INTERCUT BETWEEN Rooney and Pine, on the edge of the cliff, and the section of highway below.

Rooney raises the rocket launcher, rests it on top of the fence and looks through the sight. Pine looks at the stockpile on the ground-- only TWO ROCKETS remain after this.

ROONEY

I have to do this. Even though
they're running. If I don't they'll
just rebuild somewhere else.

PINE

I'm not arguing.

Beat.

ROONEY

And I wasn't talking to you.

Beat.

PINE

You've only got three chances-- you
have to make sure to account for
the wind and--

Rooney looks at him. Her look silences him. *She's got this.*

Rooney waits for her perfect moment-- waits until the FIRST LINE OF CARS NEARS THE END OF THE CLIFF SECTION--

And **FIRES.**

I've crunched the numbers. 2,640 feet of road. So 88 cars in a row could fit in that section of highway, accounting for the distance between them-- and three rows-- so 264 cars-- so if we assume, each car has, on average, three people in it--

THE ROCKET, PERFECTLY TIMED, FLIES AT A SLIGHT ANGLE BETWEEN THE TWO CLIFF WALLS AND SLAMS INTO THE LEFT WALL RIGHT NEAR THE END OF THE CLIFF SECTION.

BOOMBLAMSLAMBANGFUCKYOU—

The cliff wall EXPLODES, sending boulders RAINING DOWN onto the parade of cars.

CLOSE ON some of the lead cars as BOULDERS SMASH THROUGH THE WINDSHIELDS AND ROOFS and PEOPLES' FACES FUCKING CAVE IN--

Each car near the front section of road is SMASHED. Some of them EXPLODE as gas and sparks leak out onto the road, blood staining the ground--

The cars behind attempt to throw themselves in REVERSE-- but it's chaos-- no room to maneuver.

Rooney watches. It's pretty badass, undeniably, *objectively*, what she's looking at. But she doesn't smile. She can't.

ROONEY

God help me.

PINE

God help us b--

Rooney fires the rocket launcher again. This rocket hits the wall NEAR THE START OF THE CLIFF SECTION. A similar BOOM.

MASSIVE CHUNKS OF CLIFF WALL bend forwards, slamming into the OPPOSITE CLIFF WALL, which also BUCKLES, caves. Boulders, so many boulders, slamming down, down, down, DOWN, DOWN WITH THE FURY OF A THOUSAND PRETENTIOUS METAPHORS--

DEATH, DEATH BE UPON US, OH FOUL HELL, OPEN UP YOUR JAWS AND SWALLOW US WIDE, DRINK US IN, DRINK US--

And finally, the dust starts to settle. 264 cars buried in rubble. The road blocked.

Rooney and Pine turn to look at one another. Holy. Fucking. Shit. Rooney's eyes rimmed red with tears. But still she PIVOTS with the third and final rocket loaded--

On, look there in the distance, THIRTY CARS attempting to escape through the OTHER road. CURRENTLY, the cars are stopped as SEVERAL MEN drag the sandbag roadblocks out of the way.

NOPE, Rooney takes aim, looks through the sight, and--

BOOM! The rocket hits the central batch of cars, and the FIREBALL emanates outwards as all the cars EXPLODE, throwing the people moving the sandbags in either direction.

IN THE BACKYARD-- Rooney finally DROPS the rocket launcher. It lands in the dirt with a THUMP. A half-laugh, half-sob escapes Rooney's throat. She and Pine look at one another.

ROONEY

Tell me something nice? Tell me
about your daughter?

PINE

Yeah. She's uh-- she's real cute. Her
name is Eve. Her Mom got her a red
bow for Christmas last year, she used
to wear it whenever Mom was out of
town. Now she wears it all the time.

Rooney wipes her eyes with her forearm.

ROONEY

We've probably got, what, two-
thirds of them? They'll be
panicking. Trying to put out the
fires, to look for another way out.

She POINTS, to a building down below, CITY HALL.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

I think we go for it. There's never
gonna be a better distraction. Then
we get your daughter.

PINE

I think you're right. Considering
that we just killed a thousand
people--

ROONEY

I. I killed them. You'll be haunted
by enough ghosts, you don't need
these ones too.

PINE

What about you?

ROONEY

I never planned on leaving this town.

PINE

Then, uh-- let's circle down, pick people off as we go if we need to, we can be there in ten minutes and-- and we'll make our move.

Rooney NODS. Guns in hand, they move towards the car.

PINE (CONT'D)

I--

A bullet tears through Pine's throat from behind.

A BULLET TEARS THROUGH PINE'S THROAT FROM BEHIND.

A BULLET--

PINE (CONT'D)

R-R-Rooney--

Pine falls to the ground. He lands on his face, gargling on his blood. Rooney SPINS, her gun already flying up as she does--

THREE MEN descending on her. Rooney squeezes off THREE SHOTS--

They fall dead. Rooney falls to her knees over Pine. She presses a hand over the hole in his throat. But he's going.

PINE (CONT'D)

My-- daugh--

ROONEY

Shh, shh, I'll get her. It's okay.
I'll--

And Pine is dead, his eyes staring off, looking nowhere. Rooney hangs her head. For a second. Then LOOKS UP.

EXT. SUNNYVALE - MINUTES LATER

Rooney runs through the streets. Keeping to the shadows.

AERIAL SHOT-- Showing us that MOBS OF PEOPLE are winding their way through the streets, weapons drawn, from up here it looks kind of like a life or death version of Pac-Man.

ON ROONEY as she rounds a corner and sees, in front of her-- CITY HALL. GUARDS mill around the front. She draws her gun, starts to move towards it-- but STOPS. She grits her teeth.

ROONEY

Motherfucker.

She TURNS and runs BACK in the other direction.

MINUTES LATER -- Rooney rounds another corner. There before her-- **THE SCHOOL.**

The front doors are OPEN. PARENTS stream out of the building carrying screaming, crying children. The PRINCIPAL stands by the door, trying to catch parents' attention--

PRINCIPAL

It's safer if we keep them all here
until the threat has been
eradicated! Please! It's--

Parents PUSH PAST HIM without stopping. Rooney lowers her head, tucks her gun away, and walks towards the BACK DOOR of the school. A GUARD looks up as she approaches.

GUARD

This door stays closed, if you're
here for your kid--

Rooney SHOOTs him. Then SHOOTs the lock on the door.

INT. SCHOOL - MORNING

The hallways MOSTLY EMPTY NOW, the school mostly abandoned. Rooney moves through the halls. She STOPS, listens-- the faint sound of music somewhere close by. She pushes INTO--

INT. SCHOOL / EMPTY CLASSROOM - MORNING

An EMPTY classroom. But there's a DOOR on the far side. She moves towards it. As she nears, the sound on the other side of the wall COMES INTO FOCUS--

It's the SESAME STREET THEME SONG.

"Sunny days, sweeping the clouds away."

Rooney STOPS. Listens for a moment. BRIEF MEMORY FLASHES OF--

Rooney DANCING with Tom in the front yard of their house.

"On my way to where the air is sweet."

Rooney and Tom spin in a circle. She gives him a kiss.

"Can you tell me how to get, how to get to Sesame Street."

Rooney PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR and steps through.

INT. SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - MORNING

"Come and play! Everything's A-OK!"

Rooney stands at the back of the room. Takes it in. A bright pink rug. Big brightly colored letters stapled to the walls.

A chalkboard bearing a buttload of misspelled words, and, at the top, the name "MS. APPLEBLOSSOM."

Sesame Street playing on the TV. TWO DOZEN KIDS sitting in desks, facing away. ONE BY ONE, they turn to look at Rooney.

"Can you tell me how to get, how to get to Sesame Street."

KID 1

You're not supposed to be here.

Rooney scans faces-- then SEES HER. A little girl with a telling RED BOW in her hair. EVE. Rooney feels behind her. Gun tucked into her waistband. Good.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM (O.S.)

Okay, kids!

An adorable woman walks through the door. Polka-dot blouse, sweet round cheeks. We know her. She's the cute girl from the funeral. *She's the girl who dick-fucked Jack Stone to death.*

She's the town's elementary school teacher.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM (CONT'D)

For those of you whose parents are--
are *still on the way*, our day of
lockdown fun continues with FINGER
PAINTING! Who's ready for some--

She glances up, sees Rooney, goes pale.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM (CONT'D)

...finger painting?

Rooney and Ms. Appleblossom are deer in one another's respective headlights. The kids in between them looking back and forth. Ms. Appleblossom keeps her eyes locked on Rooney.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM (CONT'D)

Nothing to worry about, kids. It
simply seems we have an unexpected
visitor today.

Rooney watches Ms. Appleblossom just as carefully as Ms. Appleblossom watches her.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM (CONT'D)
 And what do we say when we have
 visitors? You all know it. On three...

Ms. Appleblossom does her best to GRIN-- it's grotesque.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM (CONT'D)
 One... Two...

Rooney's hand tightens on her gun.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM (CONT'D)
 Three!

ALL KIDS
 WELCOME TO OUR CLASSROOM!

Ms. Appleblossom quick draws a pistol just as Rooney draws
 her own weapon. They both fire. They both MISS.

Appleblossom DIVES behind a desk. Rooney runs towards it,
 looks behind it. Nobody there. Appleblossom LURCHES TOWARDS
 HER from behind-- PENCILS in hand.

Rooney turns, grabs Appleblossom's wrists, stops the pencils
 millimeters from her eyes. She KNEES Appleblossom's crotch.

Appleblossom grabs a crayon off her desk and STABS Rooney in
 the side of the head with it. THEY TRADE BLOWS, grabbing
 classroom objects, beating at each other with them, markers,
 tape dispensers, what have you.

Appleblossom TRIPS on the hem of her sundress, FALLS. Rooney
 descends on her. Appleblossom looks up just in time to see--

Rooney REIGNING A STAPLES "EASY" BUTTON down into her face.

MS. APPLEBLOSSOM
 NO--

BAM! The Easy button slams into her forehead. *"That was easy."*

BAM! Again. *"That was easy."*

AGAIN! AGAIN! AGAIN until Appleblossom's face is a fucking
 caved-in pile of trash, and one final time for good measure--

"That was easy."

Rooney stands. Wipes Appleblossom's blood off her face. The
 kids look from Appleblossom's body to Rooney and back again.

ROONEY
 Now hold on--

KID 1

GET HER!

The kids strike Wing Chun poses-- DRAW KNIVES-- and CHARGE towards Rooney. Rooney PUNCHES KID 1 IN THE FACE*.

Kid 1's teeth fly out of his face as he's knocked sideways. No time to follow up on that-- KID 2 is FLYING TOWARDS HER, knife sticking through two knuckles of her clenched fist.

Rooney leaps into the air and KICKS. The kick takes Kid 2 in the stomach and sends her flying back INTO the other students, who fall like dominoes.

EVE runs towards Rooney. She LEAPS at her, hands clenched into fists--

And Rooney GRABS HER out of the air. Holding her to her chest, she turns, RUNS to the door, reaches it--

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL / HALLWAY - MORNING

--And SLIPS OUT into the hallway. She rounds a corner. Up ahead, a DOUBLE GLASS DOOR marking a SIDE ENTRANCE. Eve YELLS, SCRATCHES and SLAPS at her face.

EVE

NO! LET ME DOWN!

ROONEY

You're Eve, right?! Your father sent me! To save you!

EVE

Where is he?!

Rooney BARRELS towards the glass door, obviously LOCKED--

ROONEY

CLOSE YOUR EYES!

Eve obeys. Rooney LEAPS, SPINNING BACKWARDS AS SHE DOES, and SMASHES BACKWARDS through the glass door.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Rooney STUMBLES but regains her footing. With Eve still in her arms, she SPRINTS away from the school. As Rooney RUNS--

EVE

My Dad's dead. Isn't he?

*Author's Note: At least she's not killing them?

ROONEY
I'm getting you out of here. It's
what he wanted.

Eve processes this impossible thing for about two seconds.

EVE
Put me down. It'll be faster.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Rooney and Eve sprint sideways through a neighborhood. They
ROUND a corner. A LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE ahead of them.

ROONEY
Fuck.

EVE
Bad word.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
Come on.

They round ANOTHER CORNER-- a group of people that way, too.
They VEER into a backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

They RUN halfway across the yard-- then Rooney STOPS. She
grabs Eve's shoulders, making her stop too. DISTANT VOICES
closing in from all directions.

EVE
What do we do?

Rooney glances around, then SCOOPS Eve up and carries her
towards a LARGE DOGHOUSE on the edge of the yard.

ROONEY
Hide in here. I'll be back for you.

Eve clambers into the doghouse, then turns back to Rooney.

EVE
You promise you'll come back?

ROONEY
Yes.

EVE
You were my Dad's friend?

ROONEY
I-- yes I was.

EVE
What's your name?

ROONEY
It's Rooney.

Rooney looks into this little girl's eyes. She brushes a lock of hair over her ear. *The VOICES growing ever louder.*

EVE
I'm Eve.

ROONEY
It's nice to meet you. Stay out of sight. I'll be back.

Eve puts her hand on Rooney's cheek. Rooney turns and RUNS towards the back of the house.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

She runs down the street. She SPRINTS AROUND A CORNER--

And finds herself FACE TO FACE with a group of people. She SHOOTs one woman in the head. A MAN ducks the swing of her gun, POPS back up, PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE--

And as Rooney FALLS TO THE GROUND we--

CUT TO BLACK.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 1,385

QUICK FLASHES-- *AERIAL SHOT of the town burning.*

A few streams of people attempt to hike down the steep cliff on the North side of the town.

A MAN carries Rooney's unconscious body down the street.

BLACK. BLACK FOR A LONG TIME.

INT. CITY HALL / MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Rooney's eyes FLY OPEN. THE MAYOR's eyes look down at her.

WIDER to reveal the scope of this here situation. ROONEY sits strapped to a desk chair in the middle of the office. The Mayor sits on his desk. Still in his suit. Gun in his hand.

Rooney looks around wildly. Prosthetic Nose stands guard.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

The hallway outside of the Mayor's office. Filled with other guards. The hallway smoky from the fire outside.

INT. CITY HALL / MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor spins his gun on his hand and looks at Rooney.

THE MAYOR

Rooney. Rooney *Brown*. Rooney Brown
Brown Brown Brown Brown. That's a
stupid fucking name.

ROONEY

I have a st--

Rooney COUGHS, then SPITS a massive goopy wad of BLOOD onto the floor. She clears her throat.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

I have a stupid name, and I still
managed to kill everyone you know
and love. Suck my dick.

THE MAYOR

Would that I could, little sheep.

ROONEY

Do you know how many people I
killed to get to you?

THE MAYOR

No. How many?

ROONEY

I don't know. I lost track after four
hundred. Must be over a thousand. I
killed more than one thousand people
so I could shoot you in the head.

THE MAYOR

You kill my granddaughter, too? Down
in that school?

(beat)

I guess it doesn't matter anymore,
does it?

ON ROONEY'S HANDS bound behind her back. She wriggles her right hand-- the hand that's NOW MISSING A FINGER. Thus, a little looser than the left hand. POP! Her thumb escapes its joint. Her face doesn't give it away.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)

I don't know why I woke you up. The damage you've done, no amount of pain would be satisfying enough. Except if I told you... No. I couldn't.

ROONEY

Tell me or kill me, you fuck, you've clearly already decided so there's no point in monologuing at me--

THE MAYOR

Don't you want to know. Why your father died? Haven't you been wondering that your whole life?

This hits Rooney.

ROONEY

He was taken out. By a contract killer, he worked for Whitewater--

THE MAYOR

Is that what the fat black fucker told you? What was his name? Fuckowitz? Birkenstocks?

ON ROONEY'S HANDS behind her back. The hand with the stab wound and the missing finger, it's bleeding again. Bleeding a lot. The blood lubricates the rope, the hand. She wriggles closer to being free. The Mayor *leans towards her*.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)

It's no accident that you were so good at killing. It's in your blood. Your father was one of us.

ROONEY

Stop it.

THE MAYOR

It's true. He wasn't the first to try to escape, or the last. In spite of the protection we offer, in spite of giving him a safe fucking cozy place to grow old... he left. Found a wife, a daughter. Then we found him. Your boss put together who your father was, realized killing was in your blood.

ROONEY

Berkowitz knew Sunnyvale existed?

THE MAYOR

Your government always knew. They just couldn't do anything about us. And when their priorities changed, they realized they could use us. You were trained to kill the worst of the worst, they knew you'd balk at some of their new requests. So the choice was made to shift the scope of your operations to our purview. By my understanding, they tasked your Berkowitz with carrying it out. Or else they would have killed him too.

ROONEY

Stop it.

THE MAYOR

He sent you on missions where he knew we'd be waiting. We did recon on all of you. And... put your past together. That's why I sent my daughter to kill you, because she was the best there was and I knew she could handle somebody with Sunnyvale in their blood. But look what you did.

He looks at the scars on her cheeks.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)

Were those her work, at least?

(beat)

That's my girl. Berkowitz, he just fucked off somewhere. We tapped his phone of course, we know he tried to warn you. But we got you in the end. Telling you that, it doesn't change anything, I know. I just wanted to see you realize it. Before you died.

Beat. Then the Mayor SWINGS HIS GUN UP AT ROONEY'S HEAD--

And she SWINGS UP HER BLOODY HAND, free of the restraints, and SHOVES the gun out of the way--

As the Mayor FIRES. The bullet BLASTS OFF two of Rooney's four remaining fingers. She SCREAMS. Even as she does, she's wrapping her THUMB and RING FINGER around the gun.

She JERKS IT free of the Mayor's hand and spins it around. Can't operate it properly with only two fingers remaining--

Thank God her recently-blown-off finger is LODGED between the trigger guard and the trigger. She wraps her pinkie around the index finger and leverages it AGAINST THE TRIGGER--

BAM! Prosthetic Nose goes down.

BAM! A bullet pierces the side of the Mayor's throat. His hands fly to his neck as he hits the ground.

The rope loosened, Rooney WRIGGLES her other hand free-- then unties her legs and kneels over the Mayor. She looks at him, seething, watching blood seep out of his throat.

He looks back at her and GRINS. Blood bubbles out from between his teeth as he does.

ROONEY

My turn to talk too much. Do you know
why I'm *really* gonna kill you?

Rooney cocks her gun at the Mayor's face. She leans over, grabs her backpack off his desk, pulls it to her, pulls it open. And pulls out-- THE MUSIC BOX.

THE MAYOR

Is that a fucking music box?

ROONEY

It was. It doesn't play so well
anymore. Took a bullet when you
shot up my house.

THE MAYOR

You're gonna kill me because we
shot your music box?

Rooney looks at him for a long beat.

ROONEY

Yes.

She OPENS IT. The HEADLESS BALLERINA rises, begins to SPIN at a tilted, awkward angle. *The fucked up, off-kilter, haunted music begins to play.* She sets the box behind his head.

Da-di-daaaahhh-blurrrrrggg the fucked up music box tinkles on in the background. Rooney looks at it.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

When I was six, my Dad went to visit
my Mom in the hospital. When he came
back, he gave me this music box. From
when she was a little girl.

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-di-di-di-da the music box skipping horribly in the background before continuing on.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

He told me to carry it with me wherever I went, to give it to my own daughter someday. And then, somebody from this town broke into our house and blew his brains out. I pushed that man down the stairs, and sat next to my dad's body, trying to hold his brains in as this music played. And now I can't ever give this to my daughter. Because you broke it and killed my husband. That's why I'm gonna kill you.

THE MAYOR

You couldn't just get it fixed?

Rooney moves the barrel of the gun towards his mouth. He clamps his teeth shut. She PRESSES the barrel of the gun against them until he's forced to open up.

She sticks the gun as far back in his throat as it will go. And for a long moment they just look at each other. We PAN UP to the music box, sitting RIGHT BEHIND HIS HEAD.

The headless ballerina continues her dance. The music stops but she keeps spinning, spinning in the silence.

From offscreen-- **BANG!**

Rooney gets to her feet, wiping a spray of blood from her face. She puts the music box back in her backpack.

She checks her gun-- empty. She picks up Prosthetic Nose's gun, braces herself, then KICKS OPEN the door to the hallway--

INT. CITY HALL / HALLWAY - DAY

It's EMPTY. The guards, they've taken off.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

The whole town burning. Rooney walks out of city hall.

ROONEY KILL COUNT -- 1,407 (PEOPLE ARE STILL BURNING TO DEATH)

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREET - DAY

The Mayor's GUARDS walk dejectedly towards the edge of town.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Rooney walks down the street. She hears a sound and WHIRLS AROUND, gun raised. A FAMILY OF FOUR runs in the other direction. Rooney lowers her gun.

LATER -- Rooney comes across Pine's dead body, still facedown in the backyard where she left him.

She grabs him, HOISTS him up, throws him over her shoulder.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / STREET - DAY

Rooney carries Pine's body down the street.

As she walks, PINE'S PLYMOUTH FURY comes into view ahead-- it has rolled gently into a telephone pole and come to a stop. Rooney smiles, walks towards it.

EXT. SUNNYVALE / TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Rooney sets Pine's body onto the platform. Uses the pulley system to lower him into the pit. *Everything around, on fire.*

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

The winding road out of town. THREE HUNDRED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN, covered in soot and grime, walk despondently down the road. A CAR ENGINE approaching. The kids PART--

And Rooney DRIVES PAST THEM in the Plymouth Fury. They look after her-- then wordlessly continue their march.

INT. CAR - SUNSET

Rooney drives. Determined. Eyes on the road. Leaving town.

EVE (O.S.)
Can I sit up now?

Rooney glances over her shoulder. EVE lies in the backseat.

ROONEY
Yeah, sweetie. You can sit up.

EVE
Where are we going?

ROONEY
Have you ever been to Hawaii?

EXT. HAWAII / CLIFFSIDE - SUNSET

It's Hawaii. It's a cliffside. It's sunset. It's predictably beautiful. BERKOWITZ sits in a folding chair. A COOLER FULL OF BEER next to him.

Far down below, a white sand beach. Back off of the beach, a Hilton. ROONEY walks up behind him. He doesn't see her.

ROONEY
Hey Larry.

Berkowitz starts to turn around--

ROONEY (CONT'D)
Don't turn around.

BERKOWITZ
Rooney. What are you doing here?

ROONEY
What are you doing?

BERKOWITZ
Me? Oh. Just drinking some beers,
watching the sunset.

ROONEY
I can see that. I don't blame you.
Beautiful day. You here alone?

BERKOWITZ
No.

ROONEY
Of course you are. Which sucks.
Because now you're in such a position
that you're up here, and I'm up here,
but besides the two of us there's not
anyone else around. How about that?

Berkowitz turns around. Rooney draws her pistol, takes aim square at his forehead.

ROONEY (CONT'D)
Stay right there.

BERKOWITZ
You gonna shoot me?

ROONEY
Not unless you make me.

BERKOWITZ
Given the circumstances of us both being here, I don't really know what to say.

ROONEY
You killed my husband.

BERKOWITZ
I thought they'd only kill you. And when you got out, I really hoped you were out.

ROONEY
Nobody gets out. Not really. Somebody told me that once.
(beat)
Hey Berkowitz. Do you remember twenty seconds ago, when I said I wasn't gonna shoot you? Unless you made me?

She motions with her gun to the edge of the cliff. Berkowitz walks to the edge. Looks down. SHARP ROCKS jut out of the water at the base of the cliff. He turns back.

BERKOWITZ
Rooney.

She shrugs.

ROONEY
Your call.

For a few seconds, he just stands there. Then he THRUSTS his arms out. And PLUMMETS backwards off the edge of the cliff. WE FOLLOW HIM as he falls. Just before he hits the rocks--

Back to Rooney. She lowers her gun. Hard to read her face.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

EVE splashes around in the surf. Rooney stands on the beach. Watching her. A LARGE WAVE sweeps up onto the beach. Eve SHRIEKS and runs back towards Rooney.

LATER -- Rooney and Eve sit on the shore, watching the last of the sunset drain from the sky.

ROONEY

Hey. I've got something for you.

Rooney reaches into her backpack and pulls out THE MUSIC BOX.
The bullet hole in the side repaired.

EVE

What is it?

ROONEY

It was broken.

(beat)

But I fixed it.

Eve opens it. The ballerina rises, unbroken, and begins to dance. The music starts to play, soft and lyrical again.

And for the first time in a long time, Rooney SMILES.

SUPERIMPOSE -- FINAL KILL COUNT -- 1,408.

Not bad.

THE END